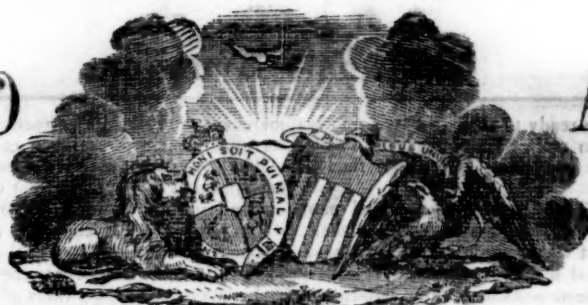


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EDITOR.



E. L. GARVIN & Co

PUBLISHERS

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1846.

Vol. 6. No. 25

THE FIRST AND LAST PARTING.

THE FIRST PARTING.

"Art thou going hence, mine only one! a wanderer from thine home,
In the land of the stranger far away, where hopeless thou wilt roam;
To forget the spot thou hast never left, from childhood until now,
And change the light of thy sunny glance for a worn and shaded brow.
"Is affection mute, that the voice of love can no more charm thine ear?
Hath the heart grown cold that once would melt at sight of a mother's tear?
Are there no glad thoughts to win thee back to sunshine and to joy?
Oh, answer the burning wish of mine, and bless me still, my boy!"
"Mother, my soul is sorrowful, and though I cannot weep,
There's a grief within beyond all tears, more lasting and more deep!
This morn, my latest with thee here, a blissful dream awoke,
But ev'ry chord that hail'd it then—this eve has well nigh broke!
"For the words thou speakest pierce me through, and I am yet the child,
Who cradled on thy bosom lay, and smiled when thou hast smiled!
A reed that ev'ry wind could bend, but shelter'd by thy form,
Grew stronger with each passing year, and hath survived the storm!
"Through the veil that clouds my spirits now, I cling in love to thee,
Nor less when glory calls me hence, to climes beyond the sea!
Oh, mother! wouldst thou have me stay, my ev'ry hope to yield,
And sheathe the sword my father won from many a blood-stain'd field?"
"Alas! my child, thou hast the blade thy gallant father wore;
It was the latest charge to me, of him thou'lt see no more.
But thou hast not his arm of strength, the firm and stalwart frame,
That led him on to danger's brink, and gain'd the wreath of fame!
"I know thee well, mine only one; for I have mark'd thee rise
With ev'ry sun that brightest shone, and droop'd 'neath wintry skies.
Thou wert not made to deal with strife, so gentle and so good:
Rest, rest thee, then, nor leave me thus to grieve in solitude!"
"I know my arm is weak; but there's a power within my heart
That shall, in time of greatest need, a giant's might impart.
The thought of thee would nerve me too, if other aid were gone;
And, mother, thou shalt never live to curse a coward son!
"No,—'tis the will of heav'n! Methinks my sire had died to see
A child desert his country's cause, and shame both him and thee!
Let me depart—night draws apace—the sails begin to swell—
Weep not, but bless me with a smile—sweet mother, fare thee well!"

THE LAST PARTING.

Sing me again that pleasant song,—it soothes my wearied head,
And ev'ry tone awakes a thought of joyous seasons fled!
Throw wide the lattice, mother dear; the summer skies are clear,
And the breeze of heav'n doth whisper love, while softly wand'ring here!
Sweet is the strain! I knew it well before I left thy side,
When the glow of health was on my cheek, and my heart was still untried;
And it cheer'd my drooping spirits oft in the land from whence I come,
A crush'd and wither'd flower of thine,—to die in my childhood's home!
The music of the birds without,—the breeze that stirs the bough,—
The fragrance of a thousand sweets, that cools my feverish brow,—
The distant lowing of the kine,—the shepherd's tuneful reed,
Restore to me my infancy, when earth seem'd bright indeed!
'Twas such a day as this I left thee, mother, and became
A pilgrim in a far off land, in search of wealth and fame.
Vain hopes!—a few brief months alone could tinge them with decay,
And the first rude gale of winter saw the green leaf fall away!
And then, when thoughts of thee would come, my heart was like to break;
With bitter tears I pray'd on high, to spare me for thy sake,
And give me strength to greet once more the mother I forsook,
To hear her voice, then sink to rest, with one forgiving look!
And, glory to the Lord of All! I see thee once again,
And thou wilt lay me in the earth, when I shall pass from pain;
Nay, weep not, mother, we shall meet, where dimless and serene,
No care can shade the heav'n's expanse, nor sorrow intervene!
I dream'd last night that we were there, and journey'd hand in hand,
The mother and her child, amidst a bright angelic band;
And like the rainbow's arch on high their wings resplendent shone,
As from their golden harps arose a more than mortal tone!
And many a friend we knew below, methought I still could trace,
Through the majesty of holiness impress'd upon each face;
And one whose mien of loveliness o'crawled me, seem'd to wear
The semblance, aye, the very smile, that graced my father here!
I strove to speak; but language fail'd—and as I tried to gain
The spirit's robe, sleep pass'd from me,—and I awoke to pain;
To find thee at my side, mother, thy meek glance raised above,
And a pray'r upon thy pallid lips to him who tried thy love!
Cling closer still to me, mother, and kiss me ere I go,
For the summer is drawing near, his noiseless step I know;
Mine eyes though dim are fix'd on thee; their latest look is thine.
Now let me slumber in thine arms. Farewell, sweet mother mine!

LLOYD'S.

The greater number of persons must have heard of "Lloyd's," but comparatively few, we believe, are aware of the precise meaning of the term. "Lloyd's" is an institution nestling in the heart of London, and finding accommodation in certain apartments in the north and east sides of the Royal Exchange. In these apartments the greater part of the business of the entire mercantile navy of Great Britain is transacted. Lloyd's is known everywhere; for there is not a newspaper published in any part of the globe but has some allusion to it. It is a focus in which is collected every noticeable event concerning every ship that sails from British, and occasionally from continental ports. The establishment consists of a fraternity of ship-assurers, technically, "underwriters;" in other words, subscribers to bonds which they enter into, to insure the proprietors of ships and freights from losses at sea.

A visit to this nucleus of shipping business and shipping news is full of interest. It is a spot whence branch out chains of communication to the "uttermost ends of the earth." Wherever civilisation has once set her foot, there some direct or indirect agent is ready to take note of any ship that may appear in sight, and to give help to any which may need it; and by his reports such circumstances, be they ever so trifling, find their way in due time to Lloyd's. But besides the abstract interest the place excites, the eye is filled with the grandeur and architectural beauty of the apartments; and nowhere are the sweeping changes to which the city of London is subject—now more perhaps than at any former period—so apparent as at Lloyd's. Formerly, one of the wonderments created in the eyes of visiting provincials, was the disproportion existing between the vastness of the operations of the mercantile world, and the mean, petty, and inconvenient places in which these were carried on. In dark, dingy, and scarcely wholesome chambers, millions of money changed hands, and transactions were completed the effects of which were sometimes felt by whole nations. Now, however, metropolitan improvement has changed those confined offices for others more worthy of the importance of the business transacted in them. The history of Lloyd's exemplifies the progress of this kind of change very aptly.

The man who gave his name to this great system of sea-insurance and maritime intelligence was a humble individual, the keeper of a coffee house in Lombard Street; and here the underwriters used to assemble, as a convenient spot near the Royal Exchange, the centre of British commerce. At what period Lloyd died is unknown, and little can be told regarding him. Allusion is made to his coffee-house as a place for auctions, in a poem entitled *The Wealthy Shopkeeper*, published in 1700—

"Then to Lloyd's coffee house he never fails,
To read the letters, and attend the sales."

In 1710, Sir Richard Steele dates from it his *Petition on Coffee-house Orators and Newsvenders*: Addison also, in the *Spectator* for 23d April 1711, makes Lloyd's Coffee-house the scene where one of his papers of minutes was dropped, and the boy was ordered by the merry gentlemen there to get up into the auction pulpit and read it to the whole room. The auction business then transacted at Lloyd's is now transferred to Garraway's Coffee house. We know little more of the early history of the former, besides the fact, that the underwriters seemed to have frequented it from a still earlier period. Their "list" for June 7, 1745 a copy of which is still extant, is No 995, and as it had hitherto been published once a week, we may suppose the publication to have then been about eighteen years established. It would seem that the merchants meeting at Lloyd's had in time found their accommodation there inadequate, for on the 13th Dec. 1771, there is an agreement, signed by seventy-nine underwriters, to pay £100 each, in order to obtain a lease of two houses in Freeman's Court, Cornhill; and this arrangement not being effected, they actually took a lease of the British Herring Company's offices in the Royal Exchange, where, with subsequent additions, they remained till the whole building was destroyed by fire a few years ago. It was only for a time that the members of Lloyd's were driven from this well-known resort. On the renovation of the Exchange buildings, they took possession of handsome and commodious new premises; and it is these which, with this scanty historical information, we are now prepared to enter.

Proceeding to the north end of the eastern outer portico of the Royal Exchange, progress is stayed by two large glazed doors, which, yielding to a slight pressure, open at the foot of a handsome flight of stairs. Each step is formed of a single stone, fourteen feet long, brought from the Craigleith quarries near Edinburgh. At the top of this noble staircase you enter a spacious hall, whence ingress to the different departments is obtained.

The first room into which we were shown is a comparatively small one. Around the walls are reading desks, breast high, one of which occupies the middle of the room. Half way between the ceiling and the floor is a gallery, like that of a library, used for consulting the rollers of maps with which the walls are lined. This may perhaps be regarded as the most important room in the house, and is certainly the most exciting one to the parties concerned. It contains a number of indices, by means of which the registers of ships and mishaps, as they are daily reported, may be readily consulted. When we entered, several persons were turning them over, and tracing, with careful finger, the columns in search of the name of the ship in which they were interested. Having been referred to the proper spot on one of the pages of two enormous ledgers, called "Lloyd's books," they there obtain the information they seek. If their ship has been merely met on the high seas by another, or "spoken with," or has touched or arrived at a particular port, the news is entered against the name of the ship in ordinary characters; but if any accident has happened—a wreck, a fire, a severe collision—it is recorded in large characters, occupying two lines; hence the technical phrase applied to such casualties—"double lines." The moment the doors of the establishment are opened (at ten o'clock

in the morning), there is a crowd of persons ready to rush to these ominous books, especially when the weather has been stormy; and many an insurer leaves them with the knowledge that he is by many thousands poorer than he had reason to expect before consulting them.

This apartment may be regarded as a small section of the larger and more important underwriters' room—as noble a place of business as exists anywhere. It is one hundred feet long and forty-eight feet wide; the roof, which is beautifully ornamented, is supported by two rows of scagliola columns. It is fitted up with mahogany tables and seats for the accommodation of the subscribers. These are of two classes: first, "underwriters," who are the actual insurers of ships; and second, insurance brokers. In all commercial transactions of a large and complicated kind, the broker, or middle-man, is indispensable. A merchant who wishes to insure a particular sort of goods going by sea, could not effect the transaction at once with an underwriter, from his not knowing the exact man whose connexions lie in his particular branch of commerce, or who is willing to purchase the risk. While he is hunting for such a person, his goods may have been shipped, and perhaps sunk to the bottom of the sea. But the broker obviates this. He is ready to deal both with insurers and insured at all times, and makes his profit by contracting for the risk from the latter, at a trifle higher rate than he effects it with the former. By his agency, in short, an open market is always kept, and in this respect no broker is so useful as the insurance broker.

It is not possible to conceive a more exciting life than that of the underwriter. A sudden change of weather, or the non-arrival of a ship at the time she is expected or is "due," sinks him from the highest hopes of profit down to the deepest dread of loss. Some branches of the business approach the verge of gambling; at all events, the risks of marine insurance are much less easily reckoned, and are of a far less precise kind, than those of life or fire insurance. Yet wonderful efforts are made to give it certainty: the age and soundness of the ship, the kind of cargo with which she is laden, the part of the world to which she is going, the time of year, and even the skill and character of the captain who commands her, are elements in the calculation. Sometimes insurances are increased, or new ones effected, while the ship is at sea: when she has not been met with by other vessels reported to have crossed her track, or when she has delayed her arrival into home-port, the rate is augmented, according as the chance of some accident is great. The steam-ship "President," which went down a few years ago, and has never since been heard of, was "done," or, in other words, risks were taken on her in the Underwriters' Room, at a very high premium, up to the latest minute of hope. Underwriters are found who do not object to speculate on the safety of ships in equally desperate circumstances, or, to use their own slang, "to take a few thousands on them at a very long price;" and vast sums of money are daily won and lost in this way. This is gambling.

To assist the underwriters in their calculations, not only the earliest and most ample news of actual events is provided, but every means which science can suggest is employed to guide them as to probabilities. At the end of their room is a machine called an Anemometer, which registers the state of the wind during every hour of the day and night. Thus, when a subscriber arrives in the morning, he can see which way the wind has blown during any hour he has been asleep, and how hard it has been blowing, over and past the Royal Exchange. From data thus obtained, he can make his calculations respecting any other part of Europe in which the craft he may be interested in is floating; for a more weather-wise body than underwriters and insurance brokers does not exist. This ingenious and accurate instrument merits some notice in passing.

On the top of the Royal Exchange may be seen a sort of mast, at the top of which is a fan, precisely like that attached to a modern windmill, the object of which is to keep a plate of metal with its face presented to the wind. Attached to this plate are springs, which, joined to a rod, descend into the Underwriters' Room upon a large sheet of paper placed against the wall. To this end of the rod a lead pencil is attached, which slowly traverses the paper horizontally, by means of clock-work. When the wind blows very hard against the plate outside, the spring, being pressed, pushes down the rod, and the consequence is, that the pencil makes a long line down the paper vertically, which denotes a high wind. At the bottom of the sheet another pencil moves, guided by a vane on the outside, which so directs its course horizontally, that the direction of the wind is shown. The sheet of paper is divided into squares, numbered with the hours of night and day, and the clock work so moves the pencils, that they take exactly an hour to traverse each square; hence the strength and direction of the wind at any hour of the twenty-four is easily seen. Attached to this machine is also a rain-gauge. By consulting it, therefore, the underwriter collects some facts which guide him in his operations during each hour of his business day.

The number of subscribers to the Underwriters' Room has been estimated at from one thousand to eleven hundred. They include three descriptions of persons:—1st. Those who insure at their own risk, and with their own capital; 2d. Those who represent, at a salary, the various marine assurance companies: each of these classes pays twenty-five pounds as an entrance-fee, besides an annual subscription of four guineas; 3d. Brokers, who pay the yearly four guineas only. The sums thus collected and accumulated make the establishment exceedingly rich. As some proof of its wealth and liberality, we may mention that, when Napoleon threatened an invasion, Lloyd's opened a subscription, upon an extensive plan, for the encouragement and reward of sufferers, and the relief of their widows and orphans. They commenced themselves the subscription nobly, transferring to it the sum of £20,000, 3 per cent consols, under the name of the "Patriotic Fund," which subsequently amounted to £700,000. During its progress, Lloyd's added to their former subscription, in 1809, £5000, and in 1813, £10,000; thus making £35,000 in all. They have also contributed munificently to other public funds: for instance, £5000 to the London Hospital, for the admission of seamen employed in the commerce of London; £1000 for the suffering inhabitants of Russia in the year 1813; £1000 for the relief of the militia in our North American colonies, 1813; £10,000 for the Waterloo subscription in 1815; and £2000 for the establishment of life-boats on the coast. They have also done, and are annually doing, much for the relief of private distress occasioned by disasters at sea; and, waiving all considerations of political power, which they do not aspire to, are almost as efficient as the Foreign Office itself in defending our seamen from the abuse of distant and less civilised powers. The committee also vote medals and rewards to those who distinguish themselves in saving life from shipwreck.

The regularity and punctuality with which the subscribers to Lloyd's pay their losses is proverbial. So soon as the various documents required to substantiate a loss are presented to the underwriter, the loss is, as they express it, "written off;" that is, adjusted; and one month after, the amount is paid. Such is the regularity with which these payments are made at Lloyd's, that a

merchant can calculate on receiving the amount of a loss "one month" after its adjustment, with as much certainty as the payment of a bank bill.

The next department we were shown is called the Merchants' Room, which occupies part of the north front of this section of the Royal Exchange. It is eighty feet long, and of a proportionate width. Its name sufficiently indicates its purpose—that of affording accommodation to merchants who wish to do business with insurers, which they do through brokers, for they are not always allowed immediate access to the underwriters. Here strangers are admitted, and captains meet the owners of the ships they command—although they have a special room, which we shall presently advert to. The Merchants' Room is placed under the immediate superintendence of a "master," who can speak several languages, a qualification essential to a place where people from all maritime nations occasionally meet to transact business, and which could not well be got through without the aid of an interpreter. This apartment is supplied with every newspaper of any note that is published throughout the globe, files of which are kept and preserved. One of the greatest misfortunes attending the burning of the old Royal Exchange, was the destruction of these files, some of which extended back to the earliest era of newspaper publications. Duplicates of "Lloyd's books" are also kept in this room, the entries in which are made by two clerks, who have also the duty of filing and assorting the numerous journals. The subscription to the Merchants' Room is two guineas per annum, and about five hundred of the most influential firms in the city of London are on the list of subscriptions.

In point of appearance, it equals the Underwriters' Room. Both ceilings are gorgeously though classically wrought, and suspended from each are four or five immense lamps reflecting the Bude light.

The Captains' Room presents a contrast to the other two in every respect. It occupies a rounded corner of the Exchange, and is small and ill-shaped—a kind of coffee-room, where refreshments are served, we believe, to all comers. In it the merchants and owners of vessels meet the captains engaged in their various branches of trade. It is not, however, very largely resorted to, because there are other coffee-rooms frequented for the same purpose. Merchants and captains engaged in commerce with the East Indies, resort to the Jerusalem Coffee-house in Cowper's Court, Cornhill. The Jamaica Coffee-house affords accommodation to the West India shipping trade. In the North and South American, in Throgmorton Street, persons interested in the commerce with the Americans congregate; whilst those engaged in trade with the north of Europe go to "The Baltic." Thus the Captains' Room at Lloyd's is extensively superseded. The subscription to it is one guinea a-year.

This completes what may be termed the public part of Lloyd's. To keep it in order, to supply the subscribers with abstracts of the information which arrives by every post, and to keep the accounts, no more than twenty-five persons are employed; a singularly small number, when we compare it with the magnificent notions we imbibe of the power, extent, and importance of Lloyd's, from seeing that name in every newspaper we take up. So well ordered, however, is every arrangement, that this apparently small number of officials is found quite adequate to the demands of the establishment. Sometimes, it is true, they are hard-worked; for the very necessary rule is rigidly enforced, of each day's work being finished on the day on which it arises. By eight o'clock the clerks are at their desks, to receive the letters from the post-office—for Lloyd's letters are delivered before any others. By ten, abstracts, duplicates (written on "manifold" paper), and entries into the huge books and indices, are expected to be completed. Each post during the rest of the day brings its additional work; and when India mails arrive, the duties are very severe; for though the nominal hour of leaving off is five o'clock, the indefatigable secretary and his clerks and subordinates are obliged to continue their labours far into the night, so that no single stroke of the pen relating to that day shall be left over to the next.

Above the Underwriters' Room are various minor accommodations. The lavatory is on a scale approaching to luxury. The elegant soap dishes, the spotless napkins, the china basins, the ivory-tipped cocks for the supply of hot and cold water, the lower walls lined with the whitest English porcelain, and the extensive mirrors, present a striking contrast to the washing apparatus of the old London counting-houses. This mostly consisted of a cracked basin and ewer, placed in a dark corner, a jack-towel hung up behind a cupboard door, under a small looking-glass removable from the nail on which it hung, to be brought out for use to the "light," as the half-dark spot near the window was called. A room near to the lavatory is a more complete evidence of modern improvement; which is a snug little apartment; on its door is labelled "Soup Room." It is elegantly furnished, and its walls are lined with several fine engravings, chiefly portraying shipwrecks—the very last things, one should think, underwriters would choose to be put in mind of.

Opening from the Soup Room is one used for the sitting of the committee of Lloyd's, which consists of a selection of the underwriters, who act as managers of its affairs. On the same floor is a depository for charts, one of the most complete sets of which existing is the property of Lloyd's. Neat and commodious mahogany cases are destined for their reception. To render their usefulness sufficiently extensive, they are open, to be consulted by any person who may apply for that purpose.

With this apartment our survey of Lloyd's was completed—a survey which few could make without being impressed with its vast utility and admirable management. Not a ship can sail but it is noted down at this "given point." Upon this small spot rests the commercial intellect, or rather the knowledge, wandering or scattered elsewhere over the globe: here reposes the shipping activity of the world. It is an oracle whereby merchants know when it is the time to send silk, grain, and other commodities to the antipodes: by its mysterious direction the shipowner despatches ship upon ship, and float upon float, with the commodities of his own country, to bring back the needed produce of every nation under heaven.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"Tell me, father, what is meant by geometry?" Such were the words of a child of nine years old one summer evening in the year 1632. They were uttered in a large room in a house in Paris, and addressed to a pale, intelligent looking man in the prime of life. He was seated at a table covered with books, maps, &c, and the shade which deep thought and incessant study had cast over his brow, was dissipated by the well-pleased smile with which he gazed on the upturned face of his little son. It was no common countenance he looked on: childish as were the features, mind had stamped them, and a fervent soul looked through those bright young eyes, as the boy anxiously awaited his father's reply.

"Geometry, my child, is the science which considers the extent of bodies; that is to say, their three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth; it teaches

how to form figures in a just, precise manner, and to compare them one with another."

"Father," said the child, "I will learn geometry!"

"Nay, my boy, you are too young and sickly for such a study; you have been all day poring over your books. Go now into the garden with your cousin Charles, and have a pleasant game of play this fine evening."

"I don't care for the playthings that amuse Charles, and he does not like my books. Do, father, let me stay here with you; and tell me if the straight and round lines you often draw are part of geometry!"

The father sighed as he looked at the slight delicate form and flushed cheek of his son, and taking the little burning hand in his, and putting aside his books, "Well, Blaise," he answered, "I will take a walk with you myself, and we will breathe the fresh air, and smell the sweet flowers; but you must ask me no more about geometry."

Such was one of the first manifestations of Blaise Pascal's intellect: the early dawning of that mathematical genius destined in a few years to astonish Europe; and which would probably have achieved wonders in science, rivaling the subsequent discoveries of Newton and La Place, had he not, while still young, abandoned the pursuit of earthly knowledge, and dedicated all his powers of mind and body to the service of religion and the good of his fellow-men.

His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of talent, well known and much esteemed by the literati of his day. He felt a parent's pride in watching the opening powers of his son's mind, but he also felt a parent's fears for the fragile form which enshrined it, and he wisely sought to draw the little Blaise from his darling sedentary studies, and induce him to share in the out-door amusements which boys of his age in general love. Having himself experienced the absorbing nature of mathematical pursuits, he did not wish his son to engage in them until his mind should become matured and his body in greater vigour; and as Blaise did not again mention the word geometry, and ceased to linger so long in the study, his father hoped that balls and hoops had at length chased circles and triangles from his brain. At the end of a long corridor in M. Pascal's house there was an apartment which was used only as a lumber room, and consequently seldom opened. He one day entered it in search of some article, and what was his surprise to see little Blaise kneeling on the floor, and, with a piece of charcoal in his hand, busily occupied in drawing triangles, circles, and parallelograms. The child was so much absorbed in his employment that he heeded not the opening of the door, and it was not until his father spoke that he raised his head. "What are you doing, child?"

"Oh father, don't be angry; indeed I could not put geometry out of my mind; every night I used to lie awake thinking of it, and so I came here to work away at these lines."

M. Pascal looked, and with delighted astonishment perceived that his child, without instruction, without knowing the name of a single geometrical figure, had demonstrated that the three angles of every triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles—a truth established by the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. The father now saw that it was in vain to repress his son's thirst for knowledge; he gave him every assistance in the study of mathematics, while at the same time he watched over his health. Arrived at the age of eleven years, this wonderful boy composed a treatise on the nature of sound; in which he sought to explain why a glass, when struck by a knife, gives a sound that ceases as soon as the hand is applied to it. Five years afterwards appeared his celebrated 'Treatise on Conic Sections,' admired by the great mathematicians of the time. The famous Descartes could not be persuaded that a work displaying so profound an acquaintance with science, was the production of a youth of sixteen. Yet it was quite certain that Blaise Pascal was its sole and unaided author.

He had often observed that the science of numbers is, like the thought of men, subject to error: he had seen that, in the every day use of calculation, it is very difficult to preserve exactness for any considerable time; because memory becomes weary still sooner than patience; and when the first of these faculties fails, it follows, as a matter of course, that mistakes escape notice. In order, then, to remedy this defect, he constructed the well known and singular arithmetical machine by which, without a pen, without counters, and without understanding arithmetic, all kinds of computation may be readily performed. "By other methods," said he, in writing to Christina, queen of Sweden, "all the operations are troublesome, complicated, long, and uncertain; by mine they become easy, simple, quick, and certain."

Le Pere Mersenne, a Parisian monk, about this time proposed to the world of science a famous and difficult problem. It was required to determine the curve line described in the air by a nail attached to the circumference of a carriage-wheel revolving and progressing at an ordinary speed. It would not be interesting, nor perhaps intelligible, to general readers, were we to attempt explaining the difficulties which, in the then state of mathematical science, attended the solution of this problem. It will suffice to state that, after having baffled the efforts of all the great men of the day, it was solved by Pascal, when not twenty years old, and while lying on a bed of sickness. More than this: he defied all the mathematicians of Europe to resolve in detail the difficulties of the problem, offering four hundred francs (equal to two thousand in the present day) to him who should succeed. All having failed, Pascal gave his own solution to the world, and from that moment took his place in the first rank of science.

Torricelli, an eminent Italian mathematician, taught by Galileo that air is a ponderable fluid, tried several experiments by producing a vacuum. These induced Pascal to try some others, which he caused to be made by his brother-in-law, M. Perier, on the mountain of Puy de Dome, in the province of Auvergne, and which were crowned with brilliant success. Galileo had discovered the weight of the air; Torricelli, measuring the pressure of the atmosphere had found it equal to a column of water of the base, and thirty two feet in height, or to one of quicksilver of twenty-eight inches. The experiments of Pascal confirmed the others, because they established the fact, that the column of mercury becomes low in the same proportion that the one of air diminishes in height. He was the first who proved clearly, in a 'Treatise on the Weight and Density of the Air,' that the effects—until then attributed to nature's abhorring a vacuum—are derived from the weight of the atmospheric air: and reversing this point in the physics of the ancients, he established, as a principle thenceforth incontestable, that the mass of this fluid has a limited and determinable weight; that it weighs more at one time than another, as in thick fogs; in certain places than in others, as in valleys and on low ground; that, pressing on all the bodies which it surrounds, it acts more powerfully in proportion to its increase of weight. From these facts he deduced several consequences, such as ascertaining whether two places are on the same level; that is to say, equally distant from the centre of the earth; or which of the two is most elevated, however distant from each other they may be. It remained for him to show that a small quantity of water may keep a great weight

balanced; that two weights of different materials, adjusted, while the air is dry, to the most perfect equilibrium, lose their equality when the air becomes damp; that bodies floating in water weigh precisely as much as the liquid they displace; because the water touching them beneath, and not from above serves only to raise them. Having established these preliminary facts, he published a 'Treatise on the Equilibrium of Fluids.'

In the present day, when immense progress has been made both in physics and geometry, the writings of Pascal on these subjects are not of much practical utility; but when we reflect that from them we derive our first knowledge, we shall always regard them with the respect due to monuments of a genius, which has left its immortal impress on even the most trifling details.

Having passed some years in these studies and recreations, he suddenly resolved to devote the remainder of his life to an exposition of the Christian religion. For this purpose he returned to Paris, where, amid the interruptions caused by frequent attacks of illness, he conceived and partly executed a comprehensive work on Christianity, its nature and evidences. This he did not live to complete; but some of its detached fragments, found after his death, were published as his 'Thoughts.' They contain the germ of many a noble sentiment and profound view of human nature which, had they been wrought out, and the rough outline filled up by a master's hand, would have formed a work fit for immortality. About this period of his life he published the 'Provincial Letters,' which have been characterised by competent judges as the most perfect prose work in the French language. They treat of the points in dispute between the Jansenists, whose cause Pascal espoused, and the company of Jesuits. We find in them the pointed wit and dramatic powers of Moliere, mingled with the sublime eloquence of Bossuet. When the latter was asked which book in the world he would choose to have been the author of, he immediately replied, 'the Provincial Letters.'

Pascal in his thirtieth year already exhibited the symptoms of premature decay. He was an old man at that period when it is generally considered that both the physical and mental powers are most fully developed. But his health had sustained a severe shock from his intense application to study, no less than from the ever stirring activity of his genius. He had been for many years under the care of medical men. Perceiving that the cure of their patient could not be effected so long as he persisted in the indulgence of his sedentary and studious habits, the physicians advised him to take as much exercise as possible, which would at once strengthen his enfeebled frame and divert him from his mental fatigue. In pursuance of this advice, Pascal used to go out in a carriage every day to the bridge of Neuilli. His only surviving and fondly-loved sister, Madame Perier, who with her husband and family resided in the country, frequently visited him, and left nothing undone that affection could suggest to support and cheer him. One morning in the month of October 1654, she accompanied him in his accustomed drive. The day was lovely, and Pascal's enfeebled frame seemed to receive strength from the balmy air, while he conversed with ease and pleasure. He spoke of the folly of national antipathies, and the sin of war. "Fancy," he said, "a Frenchman addressing an Englishman, and asking him, 'Why do you want to kill me?' 'What!' the other answers, 'don't you live at the other side of the water?' My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be most unjust to kill you; but you live on the other side, I'm a brave fellow, and feel quite justified in taking your life." Persons of great and little minds, he afterwards remarked, 'are subject to the same accidents and annoyances; but the latter are on the circumference of the wheel, and the former near the centre, and thus are they less agitated by the same movements.' Yet even in his loftiest state, what is man, fettered as he is by a frail body! The mind of the greatest man in the world is not so independent as to remain undisturbed by the noise around him. It does not require the sound of a cannon to impede his train of thought; he winding of a pulley, or the shutting of a door, is sufficient. Don't be astonished that the philosopher reasons badly now; a fly is buzzing about his ears; that's enough to render him incapable of deep reflection. If you want him to discover truth, drive away the insect which keeps his reason in check, and troubles the powerful intelligence that governs cities and kingdoms. Yet is the study of the human mind, in all its greatness and littleness, the noblest of pursuits."

"I have often regretted, dear brother," said Madame Perier, "your relinquishing the grand career of science you had entered on, and changing so completely your course of thought."

"Dear sister," said Pascal, "I had passed much time in the study of abstract sciences; but it disheartened me to find how few persons there were with whom I could hold communion about them. When I commenced the study of man, I saw that these abstract sciences are not fitted for him, and that I wandered farther from my path in diving into them, than did others in avoiding them; and I forgave them their ignorance. I believed that I should find companions, at least, in the study of man, because it is the knowledge which best befits him. I was deceived; there are yet fewer who study man than geometry."

While thus speaking, they came to the bridge; and the horses taking fright, and refusing all control, plunged headlong into the river Seine. Fortunately, however, the strong concussion broke their harness, and the carriage remained on the border of the precipice, while the horses were hurled below. By this means the life of Pascal was saved from instantaneous destruction; but his health received, nevertheless, a severe shock. One may easily imagine what effect this sudden fright and violent motion must have produced in the weakened state of his constitution. He fell into a fit, from which he was with great difficulty recovered. A severe illness followed, the effects of which he never got quite over. Yet the gentle and fervent charity of his nature shone forth all the more brilliantly for his bodily sufferings. He gave alms to an extent which appeared folly to his acquaintances. One of them lectured him one day on his imprudent expenditure, which, he affirmed, would speedily bring him to poverty. Pascal smiled, and quietly replied, 'I have often remarked, that however poor a man may be when dying, he always leaves something behind him.'

He denied himself the comforts, and even the necessities of life, in order to minister more abundantly to the wants of the poor. He always preserved the utmost purity of mind and manners; and he would never suffer the pleasures of the table to be extolled in his presence, remarking, that food was simply intended to satisfy the appetite and nourish the body, not to pamper the senses. The unfortunate ever found in him a brother. One day, as he was returning from the church of St. Sulpice, he was accosted by a young and beautiful peasant girl.

"Oh, sir," she said, "for the love of God give me a few sous!"

Pascal stopped, touched at the danger to which her youth and beauty would expose her, if suffered to wander unprotected through the streets of Paris. He inquired into her history. "My father," she said, "was a mason, and lived some leagues from the city. A short time since he fell from some scaffolding, and was killed on the spot, leaving my mother and me alone and friendless in the

world. We managed for a time to support ourselves, till my mother's health failed; and after struggling in vain against her illness, she this morning entered the hospital, where, though I can visit her, I am not permitted to live, so that, to avoid starvation, I am forced to beg.'

'My poor child,' said Pascal, 'yours is a hard lot; I will try what can be done for you.'

He immediately conducted her to the house of a venerable ecclesiastic, to whom, without making himself known, he gave a sum of money sufficient for her food and clothing, promising to send next day a charitable lady to take charge of her. This was Madame Perier, who entered warmly into her brother's benevolent feelings, and took care of the grateful young girl until a respectable situation was provided for her. Who can describe the feelings of the poor sick mother when she heard of the kindness that had been shown her daughter! She longed to bless her benefactor, her guardian angel, who had saved her child from misery, perhaps from ruin. Yet Pascal would not suffer his name to be disclosed, and it was not until after his death that he was known to have performed the good action. Truly might it be said that he

'Did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame.'

Notwithstanding his habitual gravity, he had a fund of natural wit, and keen penetration into character; and could have been sarcastic, but the overflowing kindness of his temperament forbade it. He one day remarked, 'The authors who are incessantly announcing my book, my history, my commentary, would they not do better to say, *our book, our history, our commentary*? for, generally speaking, there is more in their works that belongs to others than to themselves.'

One of his maxims was, 'If you wish others to speak well of you, do not speak well of yourself.' Another just remark was this—'In proportion as we have our minds enlarged, we discover in the world a greater number of original characters—commonplace people do not perceive any distinguishing difference between men.'

It may not be out of place to cite a remark of Pascal's, alluding to the strange political revolutions of Europe, and the casting down of crowned heads, which took place in his day. He says, 'Who would ever have supposed that an individual possessing the friendship of the King of England, the King of Poland, and the Queen of Sweden, might be left destitute in the world, without an asylum or retreat?'

This refers to the three revolutions which had occurred in Europe nearly at the same time.

We will now set down, somewhat at random, a few of his remarks breathing a spirit of true philosophy.

'There is nothing more common than good things; all we require is to discern them; and it is certain they are all natural, and within our reach. Yet it is universally the case that we do not know how to distinguish them. It is not among strange and extraordinary things that we are to look for excellence. In rising to attain it, we but leave it behind us. We must stoop. The best books are those which each reader thinks he could have written himself. Nature, which is alone good, is common and familiar to all.'

'Curiosity is often but vanity. Most frequently we wish for knowledge only in order to speak of it. We would not undertake a long sea voyage, if we were never to talk about it; and for the simple pleasure of seeing, without the hope of conversing with any one about our travels.'

'A horse does not seek to be admired by his companions. We see indeed a sort of emulation between them in the race, but it is not followed up; for when in the stable, the most clumsy and worst made horse will not yield his oats to another. It is not so with men; they rest not satisfied with their perfections, unless they are made the means of asserting their superiority over others.'

'The virtue of a man ought not to be measured by one or two unusual efforts, but by his habitual course of life.'

'Nature has perfections, to show that she is the image of God; and defects to show that she is only his image.'

Many of his most valuable remarks have been lost, from his neglecting to write them down; intrusting them to his memory, which was indeed so great, that he was never known to forget anything which he had once imprinted on his mind.

The enemies of Pascal thought to diminish his glory by suppressing his eulogium in the 'Lives of Illustrious Men,' by Perrault; but this only served to enhance it the more, for every one applied to them the words of Tacitus—'Cassius and Brutus shone more brightly because their images were not seen.'

The life of Blaise Pascal drew near its termination. A fatal disease was preying upon him, brought on by the intense working of a mighty soul, enshrined in a feeble body—'Its shell the spirit wore.' A deep shade of gloom and despondency, arising from physical causes, often clouded his mind. But his sufferings were soothed by the fond attentions of his sister. She brought her family to Paris, and having taken a house near his, devoted herself to him with anxious affection. One day, while still able to walk out, he was accosted in the street by a wretched looking man holding a little boy by the hand. His countenance showed marks of suffering, and his tale was a sad one. He had been a journeyman shoemaker, and lived happily with his wife and little ones, inhabiting a small house in the outskirts of Paris. A fire broke out one night; his little dwelling, with all that it contained, was consumed. He and his family escaped with their lives; but, from exposure to cold and anxiety, his wife and two children fell victims to fever; and he, only just recovered from the same disease, was forced, with his remaining child, to beg a morsel of bread. Pascal's heart was touched by his tale, and, not satisfied with relieving his immediate wants, he took him to his own house, and desired him to make it his home until his health should be re-established, and he should be able to procure work. Some days passed on, and Pascal became rapidly worse: he could with difficulty leave his room, and was forced to discontinue his accustomed walks. His sister's fond cares were now indispensable to his comfort: every day she passed in his chamber, ministering to his wants, and learning holy lessons of patience and resignation, springing from love to God, and submission to His holy will. The poor shoemaker also tried, by every means in his power to serve his benefactor; and the pleasant laugh and winning ways of his little son George often soothed and cheered Pascal, who dearly loved children.

He had an old female servant, who had lived in his house and served him faithfully for many years. One morning she entered his room before the hour when Madame Perier generally came, and withdrawing the curtains, she gazed sorrowfully on the wasted form and hectic cheek of her beloved master.

'How do you feel to day, sir?'

'Not well, Cecile; I passed a sleepless night; but I had sweet thoughts, which comforted me.'

The old woman proceeded to arrange the room, and her master said—

'Where is little George, Cecile! I have not heard his merry voice this morning.'

'Oh, sir, I wanted to tell you about him, and still, seeing you so poorly, I did not know how to do it; for I'm afraid it will flurry you so.'

'Speak, speak, Cecile! What has happened the child?'

'Oh nothing, Sir; but all yesterday he was very dull and heavy, and would not eat: his father watched him all night, and early this morning brought the doctor to see him, and he says the child has got the small-pox; and when I asked him if he could not be removed to another house, he said it would risk the boy's life to do so. However, I'm sure I don't know what we're to do; for we could not endanger Madame Perier and her darling children for the sake of a beggar's brat.'

Pascal thought for a moment. 'No, Cecile,' he said, 'their health must not be risked, nor shall poor little George be removed. I will go to my sister's: I know her rooms are all occupied, but I am sure she will spare a small one, good enough for me during the short time I shall want it.'

Madame Perier soon came, and the arrangement was made according to his wishes. After providing amply for the comfort of the sick boy and his father, he left his quiet house and airy apartment, never to return thither again. With much pain, and suffering greatly from exhaustion, he was borne to his sister's house. There, on the 19th of August 1662, at the age of thirty-nine years, the gentle and holy spirit of Blaise Pascal returned to Him who gave it, leaving to the world a name which will live as the representative of splendid talents, united to self-denying benevolence and ardent piety.

ADVENTURES IN THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

[Second Notice.]

A few hours appear to have satisfied the fugitives that whether their ultimate lot was to be a fricasee or *au naturel*, they were for the moment considered as a rare curiosity, and to be treated accordingly. The young ladies peeped and poked at them lovingly,—nor was it long ere the great man of the village condescended to protect them with the light of his countenance by a ceremonious visit in full court dress:—

'At last, when their numbers began to diminish, a superb-looking warrior stooped the towering plumes of his head-dress beneath the low portal, and entered the house. I saw at once that he was some distinguished personage, the natives regarding him with the utmost deference, and making room for him as he approached. His aspect was imposing. The splendid long drooping tail-feathers of the tropical bird, thickly interspersed with the gaudy plumage of the cock, were disposed in an upright semicircle upon his head, their lower extremities being fixed in a crescent of guinea-beads which spanned the forehead. Around his neck were several enormous necklaces of boar's tusks, polished like ivory, and disposed in such a manner as that the longest and largest were upon his capacious chest. Thrust forward through the large apertures in his ears were two small and finely shaped sperm-whale teeth, presenting their cavities in front, stuffed with freshly-plucked leaves, and curiously wrought at the other end into strange little images and devices. These barbaric trinkets, garrisoned in this manner at their open extremities, and tapering and curving round to a point behind the ear, resembled not a little a pair of cornucopias. The loins of the warrior were girt about with heavy folds of a dark coloured tappa, hanging before and behind in clusters of braided tassels, while anklets and bracelets of curling human hair completed his unique costume. In his right hand he grasped a beautifully carved paddle-spear, nearly fifteen feet in length, made of the bright koar-wood, one end sharply pointed, and the other flattened like an oar blade. Hanging obliquely from his girdle by a loop of sennate was a richly decorated pipe, the slender reed forming its stem was coloured with a red pigment, and round it, as well as the idol-bowl, flattered little streamers of the thinnest tappa.'

Mehevi,—such was the grandee's name,—presently took Melville's leg into his care, and summoned an old "medicine man," who shampooed the sufferer until the latter roared with pain. The next piece of hospitality shown, was providing the pair with a lodgment, and allotting to Herman one Kory-Kory, by way of personal attendant. The reader may like to see how luxuriously he will be housed should it ever be his luck to become a captive in a Typee village:—

'Near one side of the valley, and about midway up the ascent of a rather abrupt rise of ground waving with the richest verdure, a number of large stones were laid in successive courses, to the height of nearly eight feet, and disposed in such a manner that the level surface corresponded in shape with the habitation which was perched upon it. A narrow space, however, was reserved in front of the dwelling, upon the summit of this pile of stones, (called by the natives a 'pi pi') which being enclosed by a little picket of canes, gave it somewhat the appearance of a verandah. The frame of the house was constructed of large bamboos planted upright, and secured together at intervals by transverse stalks of the light wood of the hibiscus, lashed with thongs of bark. The rear of the tenement—built up with successive ranges of cocoa-nut boughs bound one upon another, with their leaflets cunningly woven together—inclined a little from the vertical, and extended from the extreme edge of the 'pi-pi' to about twenty feet from its surface; whence the shelving roof—thatched with the long tapering leaves of the palmetto—sloped steeply off to within about five feet of the floor; leaving the eaves drooping with tassel like appendages over the front of the habitation. This was constructed of light and elegant canes, in a kind of open screen work, tastefully adorned with bindings of variegated sennate, which served to hold together its various parts. The sides of the house were similarly built; thus presenting three quarters for the circulation of the air, while the whole was impervious to the rain. In length this picturesque building was perhaps twelve yards, while in breadth it could not have exceeded as many feet. So much for the exterior; which with its wire-like reed-twisted sides, not a little reminded me of an immense aviary. Stooping a little, you passed through a narrow aperture in its front; and facing you, on entering, lay, two long, perfectly straight, and well polished trunks of the cocoa nut tree, extending the full length of the dwelling; one of them placed closely against the rear, and the other lying parallel with it some two yards distant, the interval between them being spread with a multitude of gaily-worked mats, nearly all of a different pattern. This space formed the common couch and lounging place of the natives, answering the purpose of a divan in Oriental countries. Here would they slumber through the hours of the night, and recline luxuriously during the greater part of the day. The remainder of the floor presented only the cool shining surface of the large stones of which the 'pi-pi' was composed. From the ridge pole of the house hung suspended a number of large packages enveloped in coarse tappa; some of which contained festival dresses, and various other matters of the wardrobe, held in high estimation. These were easily accessible by means of a line, which, passing over the ridge pole, had one end attached to a bundle, while with the other, which

led to the side of the dwelling and was there secured, the package could be lowered or elevated at pleasure. Against the farther wall of the house were arranged in tasteful figures a variety of spears and javelins, and other implements of savage warfare. Outside of the habitation, and built upon the piazza-like area in its front, was a little shed used as a sort of larder or pantry, and in which were stored various articles of domestic use and convenience. A few yards from the pi-pi, was a large shed built of cocoa nut boughs, where the process of preparing the 'poe-poe' was carried on, and all culinary operations attended to. Thus much for the house, and its appurtenances; and it will be readily acknowledged that a more commodious and appropriate dwelling for the climate and the people could not possibly be devised. It was cool, free to admit the air, scrupulously clean, and elevated above the dampness and impurities of the ground."

We should be glad to draw upon our author for full-lengths of the family party;—Marbeyo, the master of the house, his wife, Tinor, "the only industrious person in all the valley," the three young men, "dissipated, good-for-nothing, roystering blades of savages," who seem to have "fledged the world" much as if they had been denizens of Long's or Limmer's—that is, in love-making, drinking, and smoking,—and the several young ladies, among whom one Fayaway was our author's favourite. These "gentle ones" among the Typees, let us observe, are less tattooed than the lords of creation,—Her man's Armida having only "three minute dots no bigger than pin heads" on either lip, and a tasteful "undress epaulette" on each shoulder. But the above sketch of the family party must suffice, since we desire to show a few of the lions of the valley. The first of these, to which Melville rode pick-a-back on Kory-Kory, was one calculated to strike awe into even the careless heart of a sailor, and to quicken his circumspection. On "a sudden height"—

"were situated the Tabee groves of the valley—the scene of many a prolonged feast, of many a horrid rite. Beneath the dark shadows of the consecrated bread-fruit trees there reigned a solemn twilight—a cathedral-like gloom. The frightful genius of pagan worship seemed to brood in silence over the place, breathing its spell upon every object around. Here and there, in the depths of these awful shades, half screened from sight by masses of overhanging foliage, rose the idolatrous altars of the savages, built of enormous blocks of black and polished stone, placed one upon another, without cement, to the height of twelve or fifteen feet, and surmounted by a rustic open temple, enclosed with a low picket of canes, within which might be seen, in various stages of decay, offerings of bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts, and the putrefying relics of some recent sacrifice. In the midst of the wood was the hallowed 'Hoolah-Hoolah' ground—set apart for the celebration of the fantastic religious ritual of these people—comprising an extensive oblong pi-pi, terminating at either end in a lofty terraced altar, guarded by ranks of hideous wooden idols, and with the two remaining sides flanked by ranges of bamboo sheds, opening towards the interior of the quadrangle thus formed. Vast trees, standing in the middle of this space, and throwing over it an umbrageous shade, had their massive trunks built round with slight stages, elevated a few feet above the ground, and railed in with canes, forming so many rustic pulpits, from which the priests harangued their devotees. This holiest of spots was defended from profanation by the strictest edicts of the all-pervading 'taboo,' which condemned to instant death the sacrilegious female who should enter or touch its sacred precincts, or even so much as press with her feet the ground made holy by the shadows that it cast. * * To this building, denominated in the language of the natives the 'Ti,' Mehevi now conducted us. Thus far we had been accompanied by a troop of the natives of both sexes; but as soon as we approached its vicinity, the females gradually separated themselves from the crowd, and standing aloof, permitted us to pass on. The merciless prohibitions of the taboo extended likewise to this edifice, and were enforced by the same dreadful penalty that secured the Hoolah Hoolah ground from the imaginary pollution of a woman's presence. On entering the house, I was surprised to see six muskets ranged against the bamboo on one side, from the barrels of which depended as many small canvass pouches, partly filled with powder. Disposed about these muskets, like the cutlasses that decorate the bulkhead of a man-of-war's cabin, were a great variety of rude spears and paddles, javelins and war-clubs. This then, said I to Toby, must be the armory of the tribe. As we advanced further along the building, we were struck with the aspect of four or five hideous old wretches, on whose decrepit forms time and tattooing seemed to have obliterated every trace of humanity. Owing to the continued operation of this latter process, which only terminates among the warriors of the island after all the figures sketched upon their limbs in youth have been blended together—an effect, however, produced only in cases of extreme longevity—the bodies of these men were of a uniform dull green colour—the hue which the tattooing gradually assumes as the individual advances in age. * * These repulsive looking creatures appeared to have lost the use of their lower limbs altogether; sitting upon the floor crosslegged in a state of torpor. They never heeded us in the least, scarcely looking conscious of our presence, while Mehevi seated us up on the mats, and Kory-Kory gave utterance to some unintelligible gibberish. In a few moments a boy entered with a wooden trencher of poee-poe; and in regaling myself with its contents I was obliged again to submit to the officious intervention of my indefatigable servitor. Various other dishes followed, the chief manifesting the most hospitable importunity in pressing us to partake, and to remove all bashfulness on our part, set us no despicable example in his own person. The repast concluded, a pipe was lighted, which passed from mouth to mouth, and yielding to its soporific influence, the quiet of the place, and the deepening shadows of approaching night, my companion and I sank into a kind of drowsy repose, while the chief and Kory-Kory seemed to be slumbering beside us. I awoke from an uneasy nap, about midnight, as I supposed; and raising myself partly from the mat, became sensible that we were enveloped in utter darkness. Toby lay still asleep, but our late companions had disappeared. The only sound that interrupted the silence of the place was the asthmatic breathing of the old men I have mentioned, who reposed at a little distance from us. Beside them, as well as I could judge, there was no one else in the house. Apprehensive of some evil, I roused my comrade, and we were engaged in a whispered conference concerning the unexpected withdrawal of the natives, when all at once, from the depths of the grove, in full view of us where we lay, shoots of flame were seen to rise, and in a few moments illuminated the surrounding trees, casting, by contrast, into still deeper gloom the darkness around us. While we continued gazing at this sight, dark figures appeared moving to and fro before the flames; while others, dancing and capering about, looked like so many demons. Regarding this new phenomenon with no small degree of trepidation, I said to my companion, 'What can all this mean, Toby?'

'Oh, nothing,' replied he; 'getting the fire ready, I suppose.' 'Fire!' exclaimed I, while my heart took to beating like a trip-hammer, 'what fire?'

'Why the fire to cook us, to be sure; what else would the cannibals be kicking up such a row about if it were not for that?'

After a short period of suspense, Mehevi's voice was heard; and "a ration" of roast pig explained the suspicious appearances which had so shaken the friends' nerves. Toby's, indeed, seem never to have recovered the shock. Being more able-bodied than Melville, whose ailing leg made no haste to recover, he seems also to have been more eager to make his escape; and this, not many days later, he effected—at least, we hope so, for he disappeared, and Melville has never since heard of him. On questioning the natives as to the absence of his comrade, he was put off with evasive and contradictory answers, and "it appeared," he adds, "that in making these various statements they endeavored to conceal from me some terrible disaster, lest the knowledge of it should overpower me." After some days of suspense, no alternative presented itself save resignation to a solitary sojourn among these kind but mysterious people. Our author had abundant opportunity of learning all their ways, since they seem to have loaded him with every description of creature kindness, and only to have shown symptoms of moodiness and mistrust on fancying that he became weary of the delights of their happy valley. We shall, henceforward, forbear to follow his experiences one by one—merely stringing together a few passages which may add to the store of entertaining or useful knowledge.

While in the valley, Melville witnessed a high festival, for which every one made an extra toilette, and extra preparation. "The Feast of Calabashes," as our journalist naturally enough calls it, was opened after the fashion of Camacho's wedding—that is, by a first class carouse. Among other ceremonies and ceremonials which astonished Melville, he mentions—

"the appearance of four or five old women who, in a state of utter nudity, with their arms extended flatly down their sides, and holding themselves perfectly erect, were leaping stiffly into the air, like so many sticks bobbing to the surface, after being pressed perpendicularly into the water. They preserved the utmost gravity of countenance, and continued their extraordinary movements without a single moment's cessation. They did not appear to attract the observation of the crowd around them, but I must candidly confess that, for my own part, I stared at them most pertinaciously. Desirous of being enlightened with regard to the meaning of this peculiar diversion, I turned inquiringly to Kory-Kory; that learned Typee immediately proceeded to explain the whole matter thoroughly. But all that I could comprehend from what he said was, that the leaping figures before me were bereaved widows, whose partners had been slain in battle many moons previously; and who, at every festival, gave public evidence in this manner of their calamities."

"The Banquet and the Bier" are so closely connected in all savage communities, that we offer no apology for abruptly introducing the reader to a scene far different to the above:—

"In one of the most secluded portions of the valley within a stone's cast of Fayaway's lake—for so I christened the scene of our island yachting—and hard by a growth of palms, which stood ranged in order along both banks of the stream, waving their green arms as if to do honour to its passage, was the mausoleum of a deceased warrior chief. Like all the other edifices of any note, it was raised upon a small pi-pi of stones, which, being of unusual height, was a conspicuous object from a distance. A light thatching of bleached palmetto leaves hung over it like a self-supported canopy; for it was not until you came very near that you saw it was supported by four slender columns of bamboo rising at each corner to a little more than the height of a man. A clear area of a few yards surrounded the pi-pi, and was enclosed by four trunks of cocoa-nut trees resting at the angles on massive blocks of stone. The place was sacred. The sign of the inscrutable taboo was seen in the shape of a mystic roll of white tappa, suspended by a twisted cord of the same material from the top of a slight pole planted within the enclosure. The sanctity of the spot appeared never to have been violated. The stillness of the grave was there, and the calm solitude around was beautiful and touching. The soft shadows of those lofty palm trees!—I can see them now—hanging over the little temple, as if to keep out the intrusive sun. On all sides as you approach this silent spot you caught sight of the dead chief's effigy seated in the stern of a canoe, which was raised on a light frame a few inches above the level of the pi-pi. The canoe was about seven feet in length; of a rich, dark coloured wood, handsomely carved and adorned in many places with variegated bindings of stained sennate, into which were ingeniously wrought a number of sparkling sea shells, and a belt of the same shells ran all round it. The body of the figure—of whatever material it might have been made—was effectually concealed in a heavy robe of brown tappa, revealing only the hands and head; the latter skilfully carved in wood, and surmounted by a superb arch of plumes. These plumes, in the subdued and gentle gales which found access to this sequestered spot, were never for one moment at rest, but kept nodding and waving over the chief's brow. The long leaves of the palmetto dropped over the eaves, and through them you saw the warrior holding his paddle with both hands in the act of rowing, leaning forward and inclining his head, as if eager to hurry on his voyage. Glaring at him for ever, and face to face, was a polished human skull, which crowned the prow of the canoe. The spectral figure-head, reversed in its position, glancing backwards, seemed to mock the impatient attitude of the warrior."

Now for a Typee sport:—

"Some of the young men, with more flexible frames than their comrades, and perhaps with more courageous souls, had a way of walking up the trunk of the cocoa-nut trees which to me seemed little less than miraculous; and when looking at them in the act, I experienced that curious perplexity a child feels when he beholds a fly moving feet uppermost along a ceiling. I will endeavour to describe the way in which Narnee, a noble young chief, sometimes performed this feat for my peculiar gratification; but his preliminary performance must also be recorded. Upon my signifying my desire that he should pluck me the young fruit of some particular tree, the handsome savage, throwing himself into a sudden attitude of surprise, feigned astonishment at the apparent absurdity of the request. Maintaining this position for a moment, the strange emotions depicted on his countenance softened down into one of humorous resignation to my will, and then looking wistfully up to the tuffed top of the tree, he stands on tip toe, straining his neck and elevating his arm, as though endeavouring to reach the fruit from the ground where he stands. As if defeated in this childish attempt, he now sinks to the earth despondingly, beating his breast in well acted despair; and then, starting to his feet all at once, and throwing back his head, raises both hands, like a school boy about to catch a falling ball. After continuing this for a moment or two, as if in expectation that the fruit was going to be tossed down to him by some good spirit in the tree top, he turns wildly round in another fit of despair, and scampers off to the distance of thirty or forty yards. Here he remains awhile, eyeing the tree, the very picture of misery; but the next moment, receiving, as it were, a flash of inspiration, he rushes again towards it, and clasping both arms about the trunk, with one elevated a little above the other, he presses the soles of his feet close together against the tree, extending his legs from it until they are

nearly horizontal, and his body becomes doubled into an arch; then hand over hand and foot after foot, he rises from the earth with steady rapidity, and almost before you are aware of it, has gained the cradled and embowered nest of nuts, and with boisterous glee flings the fruit to the ground. * * * At the top of the cocoa-nut tree the numerous branches, radiating on all sides from a common centre, form a sort of green and waving basket, between the leaflets of which you just discern the nuts thickly clustering together, and on the loftier trees looking no bigger from the ground than bunches of grapes. I remember one adventurous little fellow—Too-Too was the rascal's name—who had built himself a sort of aerial baby-house in the picturesque tuft of a tree adjoining Marheyo's habitation. He used to spend hours there,—rustling among the branches, and shouting with delight every time the strong gusts of wind rushing down from the mountain's side swayed to and fro the tall and flexible column on which he was perched."

A chapter is, of course, devoted to the mysteries of tattooing—from participation in which Melville narrowly escaped: his kind hosts being obviously anxious to make him "one of themselves," according to the most approved pattern. The American was willing to enter into a compromise by resigning his arms to the tender mercies of Karky, the artist; but declined the decoration alike of horizontal bars, or the symbol of the triangle, or the favour of oblique stripes across his face,—all the more resolutely when informed that these symbols were, so to say, baptismal, and regarded as initiatory of a convert into the established religion of the Typees. He fancied that his refusal gave grave offence; he had become weary, too, of bread-fruit cookery and the companionship of savages,—who, however gentle or good natured, were savages after all. Nor was his willingness to remain any longer insulated from his kind, quickened by the dismal conviction, that all that Toby had feared might not be wholly apocryphal:—

"I have already mentioned that from the ridge pole of Marheyo's house were suspended a number of packages enveloped in tappa. Many of these I had often seen in the hands of the natives, and their contents had been examined in my presence. But there were three packages hanging very nearly over the place where I lay, which from their remarkable appearance had often excited my curiosity. Several times I had asked Kory Kory to show me their contents; but my servitor, who in almost every other particular had acceded to my wishes, always refused to gratify me in this. One day, returning unexpectedly from the 'Ti,' my arrival seemed to throw the inmates of the house into the greatest confusion. They were seated together on the mats, and by the lines which extended from the roof to the floor I immediately perceived that the mysterious packages were for some purpose or another under inspection. The evident alarm the savages betrayed filled me with forebodings of evil, and with an uncontrollable desire to penetrate the secret so jealously guarded. Despite the efforts of Marheyo and Kory-Kory to restrain me, I forced my way into the midst of the circle, and just caught a glimpse of three human heads, which others of the party were hurriedly enveloping in the coverings from which they had been taken. One of the three I distinctly saw. It was in a perfect state of preservation, and, from the slight glimpse I had of it, seemed to have been subjected to some smoking operation which had reduced it to the dry, hard, and mummy-like appearance it presented. The two long scalp-locks were twisted up into curls upon the crown of the head in the same way that the individual had worn them during life. The sunken cheeks were rendered yet more ghastly by the rows of glistening teeth which protruded from between the lips, while the sockets of the eyes—filled with oval bits of mother-of-pearl shell, with a black spot in the centre—heightened the hideousness of its aspect. Two of the three were heads of the islanders; but the third, to my horror, was that of a white man. Although it had been quickly removed from my sight, still the glimpse I had of it was enough to convince me that I could not be mistaken. * * * About a week after my discovery of the contents of the mysterious packages, I happened to be at the 'Ti,' when another war-alarm was sounded, and the natives rushing to their arms, sallied out to resist a second incursion of the Happar invaders. The same scene was again repeated, only that on this occasion I heard at least fifteen reports of muskets from the mountains during the time the skirmish lasted. An hour or two after its termination, loud pæans chanted through the valley announced the approach of the victors. I stood with Kory-Kory leaning against the railing of the pi-pi awaiting their advance, when a tumultuous crowd of islanders emerged with wild clamours from the neighbouring groves. In the midst of them marched four men, one preceding the other at regular intervals of eight or ten feet, with poles of a corresponding length, extended from shoulder to shoulder, to which were lashed with thongs of bark three long narrow bundles, carefully wrapped in ample coverings of freshly-plucked palm-leaves, tacked together with slivers of bamboo. Here and there upon these green winding-sheets might be seen the stains of blood, while the warriors who carried the frightful burdens displayed upon their naked limbs similar sanguinary marks. The shaven head of the foremost had a deep gash upon it, and clotted gore which had flowed from the wound remained in dry patches around it. This savage seemed sinking under the weight he bore. The bright tattooing upon his body was covered with blood and dust; his inflamed eyes rolled in their sockets, and his whole appearance denoted extraordinary suffering and exertion; yet, sustained by some powerful impulse, he continued to advance, while the throng around him with wild cheers sought to encourage him. The other three men were marked about the arms and breasts with several slight wounds, which they somewhat ostentatiously displayed. These four individuals, having been most active in the late encounter, claimed the honour of bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to the 'Ti.' Such was the conclusion I drew from my own observations, and, as far as I could understand, from the explanation which Kory-Kory gave me. The royal Mebevi walked by the side of these heroes. He carried in one hand a musket, from the barrel of which was suspended a small canvas pouch of powder, and in the other he grasped a short javelin, which he held before him and regarded with fierce exultation. This javelin he had wrested from a celebrated champion of the Happers, who had ignominiously fled, and was pursued by his foe beyond the summit of the mountain. When within a short distance of the 'Ti,' the warrior with the wounded head, who proved to be Narmonee, tottered forward two or three steps, and fell helpless upon the ground, but not before another had caught the end of the pole from his shoulder, and placed it upon his own. The excited throng of islanders, who surrounded the person of the king and the dead bodies of the enemy, approached the spot where I stood brandishing their rude implements of warfare, many of which were bruised and broken, and uttering continual shouts of triumph. When the crowd drew up opposite the 'Ti,' I set myself to watch their proceedings most attentively; but scarcely had they halted when my servitor, who had left my side for an instant, touched my arm, and proposed our returning to Marheyo's house. To this I objected; but, to my surprise, Kory-Kory reiterated his request, and with an unusual vehemence of manner. Still, however, I refused to comply, and was

retreating before him as in his importunity he pressed upon me, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and turning round encountered the bulky form of Mow-Mow, a one-eyed chief, who had just detached himself from the crowd below, and had mounted the rear of the pi-pi upon which we stood. His cheek had been pierced by the point of a spear, and the wound imparted a still more frightful expression to his hideously tattooed face, already deformed by the loss of an eye. The warrior, without uttering a syllable, pointed fiercely in the direction of Marheyo's house, while Kory-Kory, at the same time presenting his back, desired me to mount. I declined this offer, but intimated my willingness to withdraw, and moved slowly along the piazza, wondering what could be the cause of this unusual treatment. A few minutes' consideration convinced me that the savages were about to celebrate some hideous rite in connection with their peculiar customs, and at which they were determined I should not be present. I descended from the pi-pi, and attended by Kory-Kory, who on this occasion did not show his usual commiseration for my lameness, but seemed only anxious to hurry me on, walked away from the place. As I passed through the noisy throng, which by this time completely environed the 'Ti,' I looked with fearful curiosity at the three packages, which now were deposited upon the ground; but although I had no doubt as to their contents, still their thick coverings prevented my actually detecting the form of a human body. The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the same thundering sounds which had awakened me from sleep on the second day of the Feast of Calabashes assured me that the savages were on the eve of celebrating another, and, as I fully believed, a horrible solemnity."

It was time, our readers will admit, after such an experience as this, to think of "cutting and running." But to put his purpose into execution at the right moment, when escape from the valley could be seconded by escape from the coast, was no easy matter. How Melville managed to accomplish the feat, and lived through a crisis so breathless, to acquaint us with his adventures, let his own pages tell. We have already drawn upon them to such an extent as to have no room for a word more.

MY ESCAPE FROM VIGO PRISON.

BY THE ENGLISH CARLIST.

During the perilous services in Spain and Portugal of the individual whose vigilance deceived the French police, he met with many adventures, which, if collected, would make perhaps one of the most singular records of modern times. Don Guilielmo, as he was familiarly called while in these dangerous services, is not a man, however, at all desirous of notoriety, and it is only when his friends get him in a talkative humour, that one of his many reminiscences comes to light. We generally are the depository of his secrets of this nature, though it can scarcely be said we keep them over faithfully; the only restriction our adventurer lays us under being, that we mention no names. To this we agree, as far as necessary, and then we receive full permission to make what use we think proper of the facts. A few weeks ago, we breakfasted with the English Carlist, when, always anxious to collect information, we pressed him to tell us another of his adventures. Our good-natured friend assented, and, filling himself an ample cup of coffee, narrated nearly as follows this tale of his imprisonment at Vigo:—

"It is of little consequence how, but during the war it happened that I had charge of a schooner, with instructions to run her into the first private bay in the neighbourhood of Vigo with which I might fall in. I was by no means to enter any harbour, where it was probable other vessels might be found; and, moreover, was desired to take the night time to effect my landing. These precautions would scarcely have been necessary had my cargo been broad cloth or any other article of English manufacture connected with the exterior or interior wants of man. When, however, I state that my schooner contained sundry boxes of silver money, and a goodly supply of arms and ammunition, and that these were not the property of the recognised and constituted authorities, it will readily be understood why I sought darkness and privacy. The task was the most difficult I was ever appointed to, and, save the siege of Oporto, in which you know I figured, caused me as much suffering. After running off and on for several days, I at length determined to make for a little nameless bay which I had been for some time looking out for, and there disburden myself of my dangerous charge. I had selected a foggy and mucky day for this enterprise, as I feared the vigilance of the *guarda costas*; and under cover of this veil, approached the land about three in the afternoon. We were sailing on a wind with our larboard tacks on board, a sharp look out being kept for the first glimpse of land, when a sailor in the square-sail yard cried, 'Sail, ho!' 'Where away?' cried I eagerly. 'On the weather bow.' I seized hold of the main rigging, and swung myself on the lee bulwarks, and there to windward, not four hundred yards distant, was a brig bearing down upon us under a crowd of sail. A gun at this moment was fired as a signal for us to heave to; an order I felt compelled to obey, though with a heavy heart. The necessary orders were given, and before long, the two vessels were lying side by side on the water, while a boat filled with armed men put off from the brig to us. They boarded us, and as a very slight examination satisfied them as to the schooner's character, we were all declared prisoners, and I being unfortunately the individual in command, was transferred to the brig, which, having accomplished the duty for which it was sent out, at once returned to Vigo.

The brig came to an anchor in the night, which was pitchy dark; but, without any ceremony, I and my crew were at once taken ashore, and, under a heavy guard, hurried through the streets. The gloom was too great for me to distinguish anything, and we were, moreover, so closely surrounded by armed ruffians, that nothing but the tops of the houses could be made out. At length we halted in a large square, before a gloomy pile that rose darkly against the sky; a bell was rung, a few words were exchanged with a gruff voice within, and then a door opened. I started back as the light of a torch fell full upon my face, but instantly recovering, followed my conductor with a firm step. Leading the way through a long dark passage, the jailor thrust me and my comrade, Baron M—, a Frenchman associated in the undertaking, into a cell which was already tenanted, as we could see by the dim light of the torch. For some minutes after we were left alone; neither spoke; and then the Frenchman began to deplore his fate and curse the day when he associated himself with a cause that bore such disagreeable results. I replied: and our conversation was carried on some time without interruption. 'Well, cavalier,' at length exclaimed our companion in duress, 'you have talked long enough in a jargon I don't understand. Do you speak mine?' I intimated that I did and he then asked if we had any objection to a light. Though wondering much at the question, neither of us hesitated to acquiesce, and we were very soon cheered by the presence of an old lamp, which the stranger lit by means of a pocket flint and steel. As soon as the light fell full upon my face and on that of my new acquaintance, we mutually started. 'Don Guilielmo,' said he; 'Juan Castro,' exclaimed I. It was Juan Castro, the noted smuggler or

contrabandista, but better known as the most efficient spy in our service. Surprised at this meeting, explanations followed, which soon proved that both had been equally unfortunate, and on the same occasion. He had been looking out for the schooner ashore, with his band, while I was engaged in endeavouring to run her into harbour. The treachery which must have betrayed me, had doubtless served him the same good turn. "I know my fate," said he gaily; "a priest and a file of soldiers in the market-place." "You seem to treat it lightly," observed I, who had little reason to expect much better myself. "Because," he added more gravely, "I do not mean them to have their will. I mean to escape, and you, sirs, may escape with me, if you will, as in these times it may stand but ill with yourselves." I looked round my dungeon doubtingly ere I replied. It was a solid stone fabric, with a large iron grating opening on the corridor, promising but few facilities for an evasion. My looks expressed as much. "I see, signor, you doubt my ability to get out of the clutches of the enemy; but trust me, and all shall be well. I am not without friends in Vigo, and my daughter Maria has such winning ways with her, they never search her basket. She will be here at dawn and at sunset; and if we don't escape to-morrow night, my name is not Juan, that's all." Exhilarated by this prospect, I explained all to the baron, who brightened up, and, with the peculiar light-heartedness of his countrymen, accepted the contrabandist's proffered wine and other refreshments, and did justice to them too. As for me, I am a cosmopolite, and in all countries adapt myself to the people. In Rome I do as Rome does, and in Peru I am a Peruvian. We feasted accordingly, and then lay down upon our straw to seek rest and refreshment.

"I woke only as a merry and rich voice was heard carolling a patriotic stave at the other end of the long passage. "My daughter," said Castro with a tone of pride. "It is not every contrabandista can boast such a one as Maria." I agreed with him in this particular, and rising, advanced with the hardy smuggler to welcome the girl. She was one of the usual dark-eyed beauties of her native country, in the picturesque costume of a peasant girl, while on her arm was a basket covered with a cloth, which the jailor, who followed her, eyed with somewhat of a suspicious air. "Well, father," said Maria gaily, "I wish you would teach your keepers manners. Here is a great fellow wants to pull your breakfast about, as if it were not hot and nice, and none the better for being exposed to the air." "Nonsense! Jose is only joking with you," replied the smuggler, with a self-possession which excited our admiration to no small degree! "But I am hungry, so hand hither the basket, and take this empty one. And hark, girl; this evening bring two more of the same, for I have a couple of friends here, good Carlists as any, and I would fain regale them ere I take my long journey." Jose turned his back with a half-satisfied grunt, suffering his eye to rest admiringly on the girl's face for a moment. Maria's really beautiful countenance determined him, especially as she gave him an exquisite smile. Juan in a hurried whisper explained his meaning, and, to prevent suspicion, Maria departed immediately. "Thank Heaven!" muttered the smuggler, drawing a long and satisfied breath, "I am now safe." We asked an explanation, which was offered by his uncovering the basket, and exhibiting, under his food, a pair of pistols and ammunition. We now understood what "two more of the same" meant, and began to see a prospect of escape. The pistols were hastily concealed beneath the straw and ere Jose returned with our scanty and coarse repast, the contrabandista was coolly enjoying his, in which the jailor joined him by invitation, drinking with much zest the excellent wine that Maria had provided for her father.

"When again left alone, we conversed in low tones, to pass away the time; but in vain; the hours hung like lead upon our hands. None of us felt as yet certain of the result of our daring experiment until Maria should again visit us. Besides, we might be separated. I and the baron expected every moment to be dragged before a military tribunal, and to have a summary sentence pronounced on us, as had been the lot of Juan Castro. But we omitted at first to recollect that it was Sunday, and that our captors were doubtless too much engaged in enjoying themselves, and making much of their victory, even to think of us. Still, we felt an anxious beating of the heart, that no reflections could allay; while I prepared, at the worst, to assert my prerogative as an Englishman, and to claim fair trial by a civil tribunal. At length evening drew near, and with it the hour of Maria's return. She came. We listened with intense interest. She passed the outer gate, and again accompanied by Jose, came up the passage. "That was famous good wine of yours this morning," said the jailor, "and I fancy I must try a little of it this evening." "Very good," responded the smuggler, taking the basket and handing it to me. "Take out the bottles, signor, and then we can treat our worthy jailor properly." What Juan detained the man by this manoeuvre, I removed the pistols from the basket.

"What does that girl there, and what has she in that basket?" exclaimed a new voice, that of the head jailor. "It is the daughter of Juan Castro, and the basket contains wine and food which she bears to him. He is to die to-morrow, and I thought no harm in letting him have whatever he wanted." "Be off, girl, and let me see you here no more," cried the brutal jailor; "and you, Jose, just come inside and overhaul this basket, which contains, I warrant me something besides wine." "Files perhaps," said Juan sneeringly; and then he added, in a whisper, "Be ready; our time has come, though sooner than I expected." The jailors entered, and started back: three brace of pistols, loaded and cocked, were at their heads. "Keep watch while I bind," said Juan; and tearing off some of his own and our clothing, he soon secured the astonished guardians, effectually stopping their mouths with straw and a gag. A sharp knife, glistening before their eyes, kept both quiet. "Now, my worthies," said Juan—who, having been more than once in a similar position, treated the danger very cavalierly—"I will thank you for that big key; and now, good by. Jose, I leave you the eatables; the wine is too good to be spared. Now, gentlemen, if you please;" and in an instant we were hurrying along the prison passage. "Can we not free my men?" I muttered. Certainly," said Juan, halting at another door, and applying one of the keys he had deprived the jailor of; "Vigo prison can spare them as well as us." He was mistaken, however; the cell was empty; and, as I afterwards found, they had all taken service with their captors, and at once obtained their freedom.

No more time was lost, and the hall was gained. It was deserted. Vigo prison was confided—so poor were the authorities—to the care of the two men we had succeeded in overpowering. It took but a few minutes to open the great gate, and we stood in the open air. We followed the smuggler, as the only man well acquainted with the localities. Hurrying down the left side of the square, Juan Castro entered the street of La Baca, at the end of which was a lane. Turning short before this, we halted at the door of a tavern. We entered without hesitation, and being evidently expected, a cheerful meal in the kitchen awaited us. Maria was there too, no longer the gay singing girl of the prison, but with intense anxiety painted in every lineament of her countenance.

"And now, gentlemen," said the smuggler, seating himself, and motioning us to follow his example, "what are your intentions as soon as you have refreshed yourselves?" "To gain our camp in the hills," I replied; while the Frenchman seemed already disgusted with the cause. As, however, in Vigo his life was in extreme danger, there was little choice in the matter. I may as well, however, here remark, that it was the baron's first and last effort in the cause, and that at the first convenient opportunity he returned to France, and foreswore all foreign campaigns for the future. I believe you think that perhaps I had been more wise had I done the same. Perhaps so; but to my story.

"In half an hour we were mounted on mule; and having once succeeded in leaving Vigo, it will be readily believed we did not allow the grass to grow beneath our feet. About midnight we reached a road-side inn, where we halted, and where, to our surprise and vexation, we found half a dozen soldiers of the other party. Presenting, however, a determined air, we were not molested, even Maria being allowed to seat herself unnoticed. We made no stay, however, and after a short half hour of repose, were again on our way. The next morning brought us to a halting-place in safety, and then, and only then did we enjoy repose and sleep. Next day I made a report to the king, and failed not, as times went, to reward the services of the contrabandista and his daughter. Such is the history of my acquaintance with the prison of Vigo, the only one I hope it may be my lot to make."

I thanked my adventurous friend, who, changing the subject, told me of other passages in his life equally curious, and which may perhaps one day find their way into these pages.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

Theodore Edward Hook was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, on the 22d of September, 1788. His father was a musical composer of talent, in his day and sphere a man of considerable note. Mrs. Hook is said to have been an amiable and excellent woman; she died, unfortunately for Theodore, in his fifteenth year, just when he most needed a judicious and affectionate monitor. There was but one other child, Dr. James Hook, Theodore's senior by eighteen years, who, when they lost their mother, was already at Oxford, preparing for the church. His life, less brilliant, was happier than his gifted brother's. He rose to due eminence in his profession, and died dean of Worcester.

Theodore had been sent betimes to Harrow; but when his father became a widower, and therefore anxious for the boy's cheerful company, he easily consented to allow him to remain at home. The 'little back drawing-room' was accordingly given up to Master Theodore. Here he settled himself to read novels and farces, or fantasy on the piano, or play the fool with such of his young friends as chose to visit him; nothing could be more pleasant, or more unprofitable. One profitable gift, however, the elder Hook soon detected in his sportful son; Theodore could versify, and versify well, with less trouble than it costs ordinary mortals to pen very indifferent prose. This discovery sealed his fate. The veteran artist took the stripling into partnership. Was a song required—Theodore dashed off the words, while the other composed the music—the junior receiving an equitable share of the proceeds. For the son of a man hand in glove with the whole tribe of players and dramatists, the transition from the little back drawing-room to the spaces both 'before and behind the stage' of Drury Lane, was a natural and an easy one. Theodore was a poet, and even already a wit; his person pleasing, his manners free from timidity; no wonder if he rose into high favour with the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room. Such an atmosphere, and such society, quickly stimulated him to attempt something loftier than song writing. With the aid of a few French vaudevilles, "The Soldier's Return," a comic opera, in two acts, was quickly produced. It was performed at Drury Lane with 'vociferous applause;' and who now so happy as Theodore? This success nearly turned his head, or at least banished from it, and for ever, all thoughts of joining any of the regular professions.

This was in 1805, and during the next few years, operas, melodramas, farces—some of the last, it is said, capital in their kind—flowed in rapid succession from Theodore's pen. But at that time, as the best of his biographers observe, the real farce was his own life. His theatrical ongoing had made him acquainted with the actor Mathews, a merry, thoughtless fellow like himself; both were in the heyday of youth, instinct with fun, and brimful of the wildest animal spirits. Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and this gave birth to a long series of practical jokes—some audacious, some merely comic—a history of which might fill whole volumes, though of a nature truly more to amuse than to edify. Has the reader ever heard of the 'Berners Street Hoax of 1809?' A neat, quiet looking residence drew the attention of Theodore and a companion, as they were one day walking through Berners Street. Next moment the wag offered to bet, that, before the week was out, this very mansion should be the most famous in London. The wager was accepted, and Hook set to work to win it. Before seven days elapsed, the post had carried a thousand letters, from the pen of Mr. Theodore Hook, to a thousand persons of every rank and occupation. Some, on the most plausible grounds, were requested to appear in person; but the majority to deliver goods of one kind or another, on the same hour of the same day, at the innocent and devoted house. On the appointed forenoon, Theodore and his friends were planted at the window opposite, to contemplate and enjoy the proceedings. Precisely at the hour named in all the missives, up drove the Duke of York's carriage; the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Cabinet Minister, the Lord Mayor, and a great host of dignitaries, less punctual than his military royal highness, were also under weigh. But arrival was impossible; the thoroughfares, from every point of the compass, were already blocked up with wagons, coaches, brewers drays, costermonger's carts—vehicles of all descriptions. The hubbub this prank occasioned London may be easily imagined; I have narrated it, nowise with approval, as a significant emblem of Hook's early life. It was played in the year of his majority.

Such frolics, however, were not calculated to introduce Theodore to those exalted regions of high-life above stairs which his merriment, duly softened, was in after years so frequently to exhilarate, and whitherwards he was doubtless already casting many a longing glance. For this consummation he was indebted to the most wonderful of all his brilliant social gifts—his faculty of improvisation, a display of which could extort from such a man as the poet Coleridge the assertion that 'Hook was as true a genius as Dante!' When Sheridan was returned for Westminster, after one of those numerous ever memorable struggles, now so utterly forgotten, the company at Drury Lane celebrated their proprietor's triumph by giving him a dinner, and Theodore was among the guests. In the course of the evening, says Mrs. Mathews, 'being in turn solicited, he displayed his talents in extemporaneous singing. The company

was numerous, and generally strangers to Mr. Hook; but without a moment's premeditation he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Mr. Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty, &c., 'could not have believed,' &c. &c.; and, in short, took some pass of the young English improvisatore.

This introduction to the author of the *School for Scandal*, led to an acquaintance with his son (the 'Tom' of so many of his jokes), and with other 'persons of quality,' friends of the younger Sheridan. By and by we meet Theodore, delighting and delighted, in the drawing-room of the Marchioness of Hertford. Nay, royalty, or quasi-royalty itself, 'at a supper in Manchester Square,' and 'one or two dinners elsewhere,' deigned to be amused with his witty sallies and lyrical ground-and-lofty tumbling. On the first of these occasions, when the aspirant, then 'a slim youth of fine figure, his head covered with black clustering curls,' took his leave, the Prince Regent placed his hand on his shoulder and said, 'Mr. Hook, I must see and hear you again.' The ball was at Theodore's foot; presently the same illustrious personage was heard to declare, 'Something must be done for Hook.'

By the end of 1812 something very effectual had been done for Hook; he was appointed accountant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of £2000 a year. Here was an opportunity, easily, and without fear of ridicule, to amend whatever was wrong in his way of life. Had the man now shaped his course a little more wisely, he might, indeed, never have edited John Bull, and yet been in all ways a gainer. But he was five-and-twenty, and his days had not been passed in the school where the lessons of self denial are enforced with stripes. Arrived at his destination in the October of 1813, he continued, on a somewhat higher scale, the game he had already been playing in London. He found a gay, dissipated society stirring around him; balls, theatricals, public and private, horse races, mason festivities, convivialities without end. He plunged headlong into it all, enjoyed and repaid in kind the boundless hospitality of the place: while the duties of his office were being neglected, or—worse than neglected—left to be performed by dishonest subordinates. Finally, on the evening of the 8th of March 1818, some five years and nine months after he had landed, he was supping at a friend's house, when the officers of justice came to seize him. Poor Theodore was dragged by 'torchlight through crowded streets' to the common jail, then handed over to a military detachment homeward bound, and sailed soon afterwards for England, charged with having embezzled £20,000 of the public money.

The Quarterly Reviewer has gone, with impartiality and care, into the question of Hook's misconduct, and it seems clear that he was innocent of every thing but the grossest carelessness; a sad fault indeed, yet far enough removed from crime. He arrived at Portsmouth in the January of 1819, and was at once, by order of the crown lawyers, released from confinement, to undergo, through a wearisome series of years, the searching examination by the Audit Board. During his absence his father had died. By the close of 1819—friendless, moneyless, disgraced—he had crept into humble lodgings at Somers-town. But the buoyancy of his spirits no misfortune could utterly depress. He sought out the humbler of his old associates, and if he had poverty to vex him, gaiety was there to keep her company. He wrote for theatres and periodicals; he even started a magazine—'The Arcadian.' The Queen's business was then engrossing the minds of all, and Theodore had been ever the sturdiest of Tories. In the summer of 1820 he fired the first shot in his fierce campaign against that unhappy personage; it was 'a thin octavo,' in such rhyme as we can fancy. A few months more, and John Bull electrified the world. 'No first appearance of any periodical work of any class whatever, has, in our time at least, produced such a startling sensation. It told at once, from the convulsed centre, to every extremity of the kingdom. There was talent of every sort, apparently, that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision.'

Theodore's salary as editor was rising towards £2000 a year, when, in the autumn of 1823, the investigation of the Audit Board was closed: its report pronounced him a debtor to the crown in the sum of £12,000. His property, forthwith seized and sold, did not fetch as many pence; and his person was handed over to a sheriff's officer named Hemp, to be dealt with as the law prescribes. It was always one of Hook's delusions, founded partly on his John Bull services, that some royal or noble interference would be exerted to have the debt wiped out. For nine months, accordingly, incurring unnecessary expense, he lingered on in his capricious residence at Shire Lane, a dismal and squalid abode. Yet this period was not the most unhappy or even the most unprofitable of his life. His days were devoted to the duties of his editorship, and to the composition of the 'Sayings and Doings.' Of an evening, his friends gathered around him. Dr. Maginn, whose acquaintance with him dated from his imprisonment, was a nightly visitor. At last, in the April of 1824, he gave notice that he intended to remove to the King's Bench. Mr. Hemp, had, meanwhile, been fascinated by the constant glee and good humour of his lively captive. To break the melancholy of parting, he went the length of inviting him to a festive banquet on the evening before he left Shire Lane. The company was of a mixed description—cultivators of the muses, from Theodore's circle of friends, alternating with select tipstaves, intimates of the worthy host. Ere the night was gone, Hook was called on for an improvisation, 'and his ballad' (says a good authority, for otherwise it were incredible,) 'showed up Mr Hemp and his brethren as intrusted with the final office of the law in the case of the culprit before them.'

After a year's detention in the King's Bench, in the May of 1825 he was finally released, with a distinct intimation from the Audit Board, that the debt was to hang over him till paid. Hook was now in his thirty-seventh year, and with proper prudence, happy days might have still been in store for him. For the first series of 'Sayings and Doings,' published early in 1824, he had received £2000: the second appeared just before he left the King's Bench. Both placed him high among the highest of then living novelists. His emoluments from John Bull were, as already stated, uncommonly large. Thus, in a short time, with economy and diligence, independence was sure for him. Will it be believed, that although, during the next sixteen years, he wrote thirty-eight volumes, and added the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine to that of John Bull, not a farthing of the large sums this productive industry brought him was devoted to extinguish his debt to the crown?

On quitting jail, he took a good house at Putney, and began to mix in society, though chiefly of a theatrical and literary kind. Two years afterwards, however, he migrated to a large and handsome residence in Cleveland Row (of London Proper,) gave dinners on an extensive scale, and became a member and frequenter of several aristocratic clubs, 'especially'—fatal words—such as al-

lowed of play.' His visiting book soon included all that was loftiest and gayest, and in every sense most distinguished in London society. The editor of John Bull, the fashionable novelist, the wittiest and most vivid talker of the time, his presence was not only everywhere welcome, but everywhere coveted and clamoured for. But the whirl of extravagant dissipation emptied his pocket, fevered his brain, and shortened the precious leisure in which alone his subsistence could be gained. In the midst of it all, he saw impending over him the Damocles sword of debt. In 1831 he removed, indeed, to a humbler residence at Fulham, but his habits in other respects suffered no change. At home, too, he had entangled himself in domestic relations to which it is painful to refer. There were, it is true, constant internal struggles and protests against all this madness, yet, practically, Theodore surrendered himself with open eyes to his fate; he never (until, for human purposes, too late) made any one real and forcible attempt to break the baleful spell which chained him to a course of life inwardly and outwardly ruinous. The vigour of the following apt quotation must excuse its length.

'There is recorded,' in his Diary, 'in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth, evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude, even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England: the party seem to have remained together for more than a fortnight; or, if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune. Hook's is the only untitled name, except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of "John Bull," to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried across the country to some appointed "Blue Boar" or "Crooked Billet." Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, in all the details of the editorship. He, with hard driving, gets back to the neighbourhood of the castle when the dressing bell is ringing. Mr. Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed. He enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood. In half an hour, behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies—his headache fortunately gone at last—quite ready for the turtle and champagne—puns rattle like a hail shower—"that dear Theodore" had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire: it is supposed that the evening is over, that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelors' gallery with half a dozen bachelors of different calibre. One of them, a dashing young earl, proposes what the Diary calls "something comfortable" in his dressing room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates; but is persuaded. The end is, that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town, or knows how to come at if he were there. But he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and, as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficulty is to be made. The fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew) to whom he discloses the case must, on any terms, remit a hundred pounds by return of post. It is accomplished—the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again, and again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings a payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene recurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friends he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that must be finished within a month or six weeks, and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer's too,) and losses at play to silken coxcombs—who consider him as an admirable jack-pudding, and also as an invaluable pigeon, since he drains his glass as well as fills it—he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labour of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the rumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares, as it pauses in passing through town at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenæum; and as often as the "Morning Post" alluded to the noble peer's Christmas court, Mr. Theodore Hook's name closed the paragraph of "fashionable intelligence." *Sunt lachrymæ rerum!*

Hook's life was tending towards no peaceful and desirable goal; and though to the outward eye, almost to the last, the same polished and joyous worldling as ever, his inner man was racked by mournful fears and chagrins. Let us hear himself speak.

January 19, 1837.—Another dreadful, miserable, dark, and dreary day. Letter from my sister-in-law; she praises my industry, and pities my poverty. My poverty is painful, not on my own account, but on that of others; and because, though I have, through God's goodness, been most fortunate in my literary undertakings, I have uselessly wasted not only money to a great extent in useless things, but have also wasted the time which would have reimbursed me. It is never too late to mend; and I now work night and day, and only wonder, when I look back, that I should have been so foolish as to waste the prime of life in foolish idleness.

September 6, 1838.—To-day invited by Sir Edward Sugden to meet Lord Granville Somerset, Dr. Ros, Croker, and others agreeable; but said no. * * * How little people think of the griefs and sorrows of those whom they hear on in public, and then not always favourably!

The following is the last entry in his diary. 'June 20, 1841.—To-day ill, but in to dinner to Lord Harrington's, to meet the Duke of Wellington. There Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord, &c. &c.

The illness here spoken of had been gaining on him for some time; it sprang from a 'total disorganization of the liver and other viscera.' He continued ailing throughout the summer. On the 13th of August, after a hard day's work of writing, he 'retired in great exhaustion to his bed.' He expired on the evening of the 24th.

This is a biographical, and not a critical sketch: an estimate of Hook's well known, on the whole perhaps somewhat trivial, and at any rate easily appreciable writings, it is not our intention to offer. His life, indeed, in the full record of it to be one day doubtless presented to the world, will be probably more interesting, certainly far more instructive, than any works he has left behind him. Would that for us all it were as easy to follow out in practice, as to enforce and assert to be true, the pithy maxim, 'Wrong never comes right,' which, meeting us repeatedly in his books, has been seldom so vividly exemplified as in the life of Theodore Edward Hook.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON ADVERTISEMENTS.

As a tree is known by its fruit, so is a man by his advertisement. Let craniologists amuse themselves by manipulating the outer skull; give me

a peep at his 'three times inside' development, and I will distance them all, with Combe at their head, in arriving at his true character. He will betray himself in his advertisement, as in his cups.

Even when he thinks himself best concealed, having assumed a fictitious signature, he is but playing the woodcock part of hiding his head to no purpose. To illustrate: I am not the owner of any 'two-story house in a pleasant neighborhood'; but if thus comfortably possessed, I should hardly be induced to pay much attention to the inquiry after just such a tenement by 'a young gentleman with a small family,' who desires you to address a line to 'Rolla.' I have met with a notice of a stray dog who was represented as 'answering' to that name, but doubt whether, under the circumstance, I should feel inclined to emulate that quadruped's sagacity. Indeed, from the extent of cleverness displayed in the adoption of such a *nom de guerre*, I should entertain a suspicion as to the advertiser's being endowed with sufficient strength of mind to know when quarter-day came.

But it is the body—the spirit, I may say—of the advertisement which should especially guide us. I can barely imagine that any one, unless in *extremis*, would voluntarily submit his head to the operating hands of a dentist who assures the public in a 'card' that 'he will spare no pains in extracting the teeth of those who will favor him with a call.' Favor him with a call! Yes, I think he stands fair, if his assurance hold good, to be favored with some extensively loud ones. And shall I, who am neither a Fry nor a Howard, go out of my way to patronize a tailor, because he gives us to understand that he is famous for his fits? And is a sensible person, with his eyes about him, to be deceived by the specious notice of a dry goods-man's 'selling off,' when for the last six months his shop has afforded counter-evidence of his selling-on? There, he is at it now; hear him recommending that piece of shilling calico to the anxious-looking woman: 'Fast colors, Madam.' Yes, good lady, you will say so yourself, when you come to see the rapidity with which they will disappear in the wash-tub. Observe that ticket wafered on the window-pane: 'Colored women's gloves.' Don't be deceived into patronising the establishment on abolition grounds, Mr. Birney, for you may read on the ticket below, 'Green children's bonnets.' He has only put the adjectives in the wrong place.

Perhaps the most 'taking' advertisements are those in the controversial form, between individuals who may both have happened to hitch upon the same branch of business for a livelihood. Two dentists had a brush some time ago; I forget which got the better; perhaps it was what sportsmen call 'drawn'; but the public seemed to think it was strange that they whose business chiefly consisted in holding other people's jaws, couldn't—indeed, common sense and *Æsop's* fable might have dictated the policy of their both pulling one way. Then again, the 'milk question' at one time monopolized the advertising columns of the 'Sun.' The savage manner in which it was handled, made it but too apparent that there was no cow called 'Human kindness' in the dairy of either solicitor for public sympathy; and yet, such is man, we were unconsciously drawn into it; for although it was no great vaccine matter to us whether the animals are fed upon carrots or hay, yet we are free to confess a prejudice in favor of taking the 'pale result' of their ruminations in the natural way, without the addition of the Croton, which, to use the mildest language, does not shine in the galaxy.

But the great caoutchouc controversy now raging, bids fair, from the very nature of the subject, to 'stretch to the crack of doom.' Infringement of patent right is the *causa belli*, and this is a game at which two can play, 'cribbage' seems to have naturally suggested itself, from the analogy, perhaps, between 'two for his heels' and the article of over-shoes. Ambitious of a *rubber*, however, they have called in judge and jury. Did it ever occur to them that the lawyers are keeping the game?

We can arrive at no positive conclusion from the signs of individuals denoting their different trades, mysteries or callings. To be sure, a little pardonable vanity may be predicated of the poulterer who calls himself a 'Turkey Merchant'; but he is doubtlessly as well entitled to the appellation as the crockery-man is to that of 'China Merchant.' A worker in hard-wood and ivory has a sign at the corner of the Sixth Avenue, whereon is neatly enough inscribed, 'Turning up this Alley'—which reads more like the fragment of a broken sentence than an intimation respecting billiard-balls and chess-men; now, as 'it is a long lane which has no turning,' and this alley happens to be a short one, I doubt the necessity of any notification whatever. Perhaps this very idea crossing the mind of the painter while at the job, accounts for its singular want of finish. But, as I before remarked, it is dangerous to speculate too closely upon this species of advertisement; for, as in a drought, so in a metropolis, all signs fail.

The title of a book is an advertisement, and one which requires more consideration than it generally receives. An author has become so familiar with the common-place sound of his own name, that he is unconscious of the effect it may produce when conjoined with the subject on which he has been writing. Mark that short-necked man who came into Appleton's just now, for the purpose no doubt of making something of 'a bill.' Why has he colored up, and why does he move, in somewhat of a circular manner to be sure, towards the door? Is he offended? No; the first book he set eyes upon was 'Rush on the Brain.' Observe that well-fed-looking old gentleman; what a screwing up of countenance, and sudden twitching up of right foot: 'Treadwell on the Gout' meets his glance. 'Is there nothing else, Madam, you would like to look at?' 'Nothing!' says the lady with the smelling-bottle, hysterically, as she leaves the shop. She had seen quite enough—the title of the first book which had greeted her, was 'Bell on the Nerves,' and the second was 'Pitcher on the Head.' Now, I myself am not more squeamish than most persons, but on a certain occasion, when a little more bilious than usual, I confess to a very bilge-watery sort of feeling coming over me, as 'Watts on the Stomach' stared me full in the face. Let authors, who themselves of all others dread to be ill-spoken of behind their backs, have the same consideration for their books.

The Obituary and the Epitaph form another species of advertisement. The latter, like the signs before mentioned, are rarely to be depended on; their falsity has passed into a proverb; and 'Hic jacet' is generally with correctness spelled in translation, 'Here lies.' The shorter the epitaph the better. 'My griefs cry louder than advertisement,' says Shakespeare; and hence I was always favorably struck with the one on the tomb of an actor, once well enough known—'Exit Burbage.'

With respect to the Obituary, I remember to have seen one in by-gone days, which, after setting forth the customary 'Christian fortitude and resignation,' contained an invitation for the friends and relatives of the deceased to follow him, on the next day, to 'that bourne whence no traveller returns.' The style of the above betrays the pen of no very close reasoner, as the terms of the invitation would be apt to produce what logicians call a 'non sequitur.' The 'useful with the sweet' was well combined in the obi-

tuary of a French shop-keeper who died years ago in Paris. Therein the public were made acquainted with the virtues of the defunct, and informed in a 'nota bene' that 'his inconsolable widow still continued his business at the old stand.'

The grave got no victory, worth speaking of, over that woman.

In days of yore something might be gleaned from the names of cities relative to their several founders, locality, or other peculiarities; but that sort of advertisement does not obtain to any great extent with us of the New World. One would suppose that an insane schoolmaster had stood god-father for half the villages in the state of New-York; witness Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Troy, Carthage, etc., etc., and Rome, too! I wonder whether the inhabitants have the face (the face includes the nose, I believe,) to call themselves Romans! Now, this is unfortunate; for to the ear of a Knickerbocker it sounds not unprettily—certainly not unpatriotically—to hear a good matron boast of her being 'an old New-Yorker;' whereas it would go against the grain of any lady in our sister city, Troy, to proclaim herself 'an old Trojan.'

To conclude: In former days the names of individuals were advertisements of the quality, shape, or occupation of their respective bearers. As the *Boncaurs* (now Bankers) were so-called no doubt from their generosity; probably the first of the name kept open house. Little, from the recipient of that cognomen being perhaps of a *short stock*; the *Clarks*, from their literary propensities, and so on. But the only name which occurs to me as substantially carrying out, even to the present day, the idea intended to be conveyed on its first application, is that given in the Scriptures to the devil—'Abaddon!' Knickerbocker for April.

THE BRIDE'S RESCUE.

A TALE OF THE PAWNEE PICTS.

On the banks of the Great Red River, separating Texas from the United States, is situated, some considerable distance above the Washita, a village of the Pawnee Picts. A more picturesque and striking scene was, perhaps, never presented upon that wilderness of sublimity. The wigwams were situated on a narrow plain, its dimensions being circumscribed by the huge mountains of rock that rose in the rear. In shape they slightly differed from the ordinary Indian lodge, having at the summit of the usual dome roof, a chimney giving them much the appearance of lime-kilns. They were, moreover, fashioned of prairie grass, thatched over long poles, causing some affinity in look to straw beehives. The village was approached from the river by a road between the well-cultivated corn-fields of the tribe—fields fenced as carefully as any more civilized appurtenances. Behind the wigwams, which were profusely scattered over the plain, rose the rugged hills above alluded to, naked, barren, and gloomy, even in their somewhat imposing grandeur. The Pawnee Picts are a powerful and numerous tribe, possessing many arts, and habits which raise them, high above their immediate neighbours. Agriculture is by far the most important, and this they carry to so high a state, as to possess vast fields of maize, pumpkins, melons, beans, and squashes.

About twelve years ago this great tribe was ruled by Watarasharo, and under his guidance the Tow-ee-aghe—for so they call themselves—became the most dreaded of nearly every race bordering on the Red River, their power being much enhanced by an alliance with the Kioways and Wicos, as well as with the great and warlike race of the Comanches. Shyseroke was the chief second in command, as great in the battle-field as was his superior in the council hall. The two braves were, as is not always the case between rival great men, bosom friends; and having from boyhood entertained this feeling, were desirous of cementing their long-trying feelings by an alliance. From childhood, therefore, She-de-a, or Wild Sage, had been the intended wife of the Swift Cloud, the former being the daughter of Shyseroke, the latter of Watarasharo. It is, in general, the rule when such designs are entertained by two elderly persons, with a view to their own mutual satisfaction, that the young people should take a corresponding dislike one to the other. So it is almost ever in romance, the writers of which, requiring difficult positions to be overcome, find this a very useful event. We, however, who are recording a legend of the wild prairie, have not the satisfaction of having so useful a circumstance to extend our simple story. On the contrary, from their youngest days, the intended husband and wife learned to love one another, and, strange to say, in contradiction to received Indian customs, joined together in the dance, the ball play, and the race. Wild Sage looked upon the Swift Cloud ever as her husband, and fondly, devotedly gave up to him the full richness of a woman's love.

At length the lovers came of an age when, according to Indian received notions, it was fitting for them to marry, and due preparations were made for the eventful occasion. Wild Sage had become a pretty woman, both in form and feature, and though very dark, had a pleasing and agreeable expression. Clothed in her plain costume, with long black hair floating over her bare shoulders, she would have been admired even amongst the fair maidens of Europe. The Swift Cloud was a handsome warrior, though, as usual with his tribe, of somewhat heavy figure. It was, however, now the season when the buffaloes were expected to appear, and their arrival being delayed, much scarcity reigned in the tribe. Their stores of dry meat were exhausted. In vain the young men, headed by the Swift Cloud, scoured the whole country round; not one of the much-wished-for animals was to be seen.

A scout was stationed on the very summit of the Mountain of Rocks to herald the glad tidings, and his keen eye wandered from hour to hour over the vast plains. One morning, soon after dawn, he gave the welcome signal, the importance of which can only be understood, when we reflect that the buffalo is to the Indian, all that sheep and cattle are to us, with the additional circumstance of being wild and uncertain in their movements. Hastily did the young men prepare—mounting their horses, stringing their bows, filling their quivers, and casting off every unnecessary garment. Their bright spears received new polish, too, from being run into the ground; and then away went the young warriors, with Swift Cloud at their head, flying over the bluffs, crossing the stream, and darting across the gracefully swelling prairie. Gladness and rejoicing now reigned in the Pawnee Pict village; for famine had been, and now abundance lay upon the plain within their reach. Dancing and feasting on what yet remained, testified their delight, in which old and young, men and women, equally joined. Wild Sage had watched her lover with an anxious eye leave the village, and wishing to be the first to herald his return, had climbed to the summit of a pile of straw, stacked at the entrance of the camp. For hours nothing caught her eye, but at length a wild shriek from her agonized lips stayed the round of rejoicing, and all arose. A single mounted warrior had just passed the edge of the bluff bank, on the opposite side of the river, flying for his life; and then another and another came hastening on, urging their steeds to the utmost, and goading them mercilessly, in their downward flight towards the river. As they gained the village, their bleeding wounds, their

consternation, and the absence of some dozen of their company, told the tale of their disaster. Their hereditary foes, the Sioux, had assumed the disguise of buffaloes grazing on a distant plain, which, when reached by the hunters, they found deserted. From a neighbouring ravine, however, came riding, on fresh and unbreathed horses, a band of more than a hundred Sioux. Taken unawares, the Pawnee Picts fought for a moment, but being overpowered by numbers, soon fled, leaving some dozen dead or wounded on the field. Among these was the Swift Cloud.

Dire was the consternation of the tribe; women and children screamed, and ran to hide themselves, while the grim and excited warriors congregated together, and soon issued on the plain a very cloud of cavalry, still leaving enough to defend the village. Deep and silent was the grief of Wild Sage. A few days before, her marriage; and her husband was either dead, or a prisoner amid the lodges of the ruthless Sioux, reserved for tortures and torments, which were worse to think of even than the most sure evidence of his death. But Wild Sage as yet gave not way to overwhelming sorrow. There was still hope, and she clung to this darling feeling with a tenacity which gave life and animation where else would have been utter despondency. Towards evening the warriors returned, bearing with them two prisoners, one an aged, the other a youthful warrior; the father having been taken in a vain attempt to save his son, who was wounded. Wild Sage rushed to meet the returning group, and her whole bearing asked the question that was bursting from her lips, and yet she spoke it not. Her father gazed tenderly on her for a moment and then the stern feelings of a warrior assumed the mastery.

A council was summoned, before which the prisoners were carried to learn the fate which awaited them. Before, however, any decision had been promulgated, emboldened by love, Wild Sage stepped forward, and addressing her father, asked for the Swift Cloud. Neither he nor the young warriors present had learned any thing of his fate. Wild Sage fell back amid a murmur of commiseration even from that stern assembly of warriors; as she did so, her eye lighted on the countenance of the younger Sioux prisoner, where lurked a smile of derision. Wild Sage sprang towards him, and exclaimed, "Dog of a Sioux, where is the bravest of the brave, the Swift Cloud of the Pawnee Picts?" "Swift Cloud is a squaw; his lance was as a reed; he fell not, he is a prisoner with my people. But would my sister save him?" "At the expense of my life, thou lying Sioux;" "Give me freedom, and it shall be done. Wagh!" said the Sioux warrior coldly. The Wild Sage, no sound of disapproval being heard, continued her colloquy: "And if the Pawnee warriors give a horse and bow to thee, what proof have they that thou art not a skulking wolf?" "An aged hemlock dwells with them; its life will answer for the truth of the young sapling." "And does the Sioux wolf ask nothing but his own life to render back that of the Swift Cloud?" asked the girl, with something of tremor in her tones, "or has the wolf the cunning of a fox, and does he seek more than life for life?" "The Fox of the Sioux will mate with the Wild Sage of the Pawnees." A murmur of fury at this audacious proposition ran through the assembly, but instantly subsided. The Wild Sage, her bosom heaving and her eye flashing fire, continued: "Will the Fox not be content with his own life and that of the aged Hemlock?" "I have said," replied the Sioux, falling back and folding his arms.

"Brothers," said the Wild Sage, turning towards her people, "the Swift Cloud is gone. The Manitou has veiled his face from him, and he has fallen into the pit of the hunter. He is not a chief, but he is the son of a great chief; his life is dear to his tribe; he is very brave, his arrow stands on the summit of the leaping rock, the rock of mountains; his foot has been there, all can see it. A girl speaks, and speaks strong; but her heart is strong, and speaks fast. What is a girl's life to a warrior's. Swift Cloud is the lord of Wild Sage; she will save him!" With these words the excited girl relapsed into silence, when, after a moment's pause, her father spoke. "Will a Pawnee girl mate with the Fox of the Sioux?" "I have said," replied Wild Sage, "the life of a girl is nothing to a warrior." A solemn silence ensued, when the chief of the tribe, the aged father of Swift Cloud, rose: "Daughter," said he, "a Pawnee girl is dear to her tribe, but she has spoken, and her voice has sounded sweet. The Sioux dog is hers, to live or die." Wild Sage said no more, but beckoning the released victim to follow her, left the council chamber. In an hour the girl and her Sioux companion left the camp. They had agreed, that on the Fox obtaining the life and liberty of the Swift Cloud, the young Pawnee girl was to give herself freely to be the wife of the Sioux, whose father was also then to be released. This decided, no further conversation took place between them until, on the evening of the fourth day, they came within sight of the Sioux village, which lay on the plain at their feet. The warrior then proudly dashed forward, and entered the circle of wigwams amid the plaudits and rejoicings of his companions, who little expected even to see him return alive, much less with so fair a prisoner. After receiving many friendly congratulations, the Fox turned towards his own lodge, and there placed the silent maiden under the charge of his favourite wife. This done, he stalked from the wigwam.

The Sioux squaw was young and fair, and knowing at once the fate of the Pawnee prisoner, viewed her intrusion with dread. With womanly tenderness however, she endeavoured to sooth her sadness, and to learn its cause. But on this subject Wild Sage was silent, simply expressing her dislike to a union with the Fox, her heart being given to another. It is very doubtful, if the latter proviso had not been mentioned as a reason for disliking an union with the Fox, but that the Sioux wife would have felt hurt at any woman not being proud to become the squaw of so great a warrior; as it was, however, it increased her desire to console one who was no willing rival, and long ere the husband returned, a good understanding had been established between these two young and attractive girls. It was late ere the Fox entered the wigwam, and the Wild Sage at once questioned him. "The Swift Cloud lives, but at break of day my people will see how a Pawnee warrior can weep." Disregarding the sneer at her tribe, She-de-a replied: "Does a Fox betray his word, or will his cunning set the young hope of his tribe free?" "I have said," continued the Sioux, "the fair rose of the Pawnees will follow, and see that the word of the Fox is sure as his arrow."

Wild Sage, an anxious fire gleaming in her eye, rose and followed the warrior out into the silent camp. All was still; the watch-dogs slumbered near the fires, taught to disregard all sounds save those emanating from without, or from persons entering the confines of the wigwams. With a beating heart, and with thoughts which were of a mingled and anxious character, the Wild Sage followed her guide. She was about to save the life of her affianced husband by a sacrifice to which death had been preferable; but the heart of the Pawnee Pict maiden knew no hesitation, it fluttered not in doubt of herself, but from fear that their attempt would fail. At length they approached the wigwam which contained the prisoner. Two drowsy sentinels stood at the entrance. Within sight of this, the Fox concealed the girl where she could

see without being seen. This done, the ruthless Dahcotah approached and sheathed his dagger, quick as lightning, in the bosoms of his two countrymen. The Wild Sage could scarce believe her eyes, and a low exclamation of horror and surprise burst from her lips. A groan of anguish at her side made her turn. A young Sioux girl was by her, sent by the wife of the Fox to watch her husband's movements. Before, however, a word could pass, Swift Cloud came forth, and after a few words of gratitude to his preserver, hurried from the camp, eager to rejoin his bride. Little did the joyful warrior think, as he caught and bestrode one of the horses of his enemies, and galloped furiously over the plain, that every step took him further and further from his beloved.

The Fox and Wild Sage, the latter silent and wrapped in deep thought, turned towards the former's wigwam, not however before the ruthless Dahcotah had intimated his intention of wedding his prize on the morrow at early dawn. The girl replied not, following her captor without a word, while the Sioux girl had disappeared ere the Fox was aware of her presence. But little rest did She-de-a have that night. Toward morning, however, slumber overcame her for an instant, and then she was rudely awoke by yells and cries from all parts of the tribe. Waking She-de-a, and bidding her follow him, the Fox hurried to the centre of the village, whither the bodies of the murdered Sioux youths had been borne. To the horror of Wild Sage, and the unfeigned surprise of the Fox, the Swift Cloud was in the midst, tied to a stake, with some dozen furious hags dancing round him the frightful dance of death, while he stood without moving a muscle, a slight smile of contempt curling upon his lips. Order being at length restored, the chiefs assembled in a half circle, and sat down with their faces toward the prisoner. Then rose the principal warrior of the tribe, and addressing his people in stern and terrible terms, recapitulated the facts as they seemed clearly presented to them, and asked if any torments could be too great for him who had thus treacherously slain two of the most promising warriors of the tribe—one his own son. Silently and solemnly—all, including the Fox, (who still promised Wild Sage to deliver him) gave their verdict, which was death, after awful torment, to the Pawnee warrior, who, equally stern with his foes, spoke not a word. An explanation would have argued fear of death, and Indian stoicism forbade its being given.

At this moment a young Dahcotah girl burst through the throng. It was the sister of one of the youths, the daughter of the great chief of the tribe. Approaching the bodies, she uncovered the face of her dead brother, and then turned towards the Pawnee. To revile and taunt one who had so deeply injured her, would have been an Indian custom honoured by all around. But the girl did nothing of the kind. Suddenly darting back amid the girls, she seized Wild Sage by the hand, and drew her, ere she could say a word, beside her lover. Even he could not restrain one glance of surprise. The Sioux girl however now spoke, and said: "My brother is gone to the happy hunting grounds of his people. It is good, but not sent by a Pawnee Pict. My brother was too brave, too great a warrior to be killed by bound foe. No! A snake, a crawling snake, a black-foot dog, who has painted his face, and called himself a Dahcotah, slew my brother!" Deep silence reigned, and in few words the Sioux girl related all that we have already given. Admiration at the devotion of Wild Sage was soon the predominant feeling, until the girl, in withering and bitter accent, described the murder of his people by the Fox. She then added, that having witnessed the ruthless deed, and the escape of Swift Cloud, she had awoke several young men, who pursued and overtook the flying prisoner. This she had done that nothing might be wanting to prove her tale, and that her tribe might shew their admiration of the heroism even of a Pawnee girl.

The Fox was seized. His bloody knife was another witness against him, and the chief of his tribe rose: "My daughter wears the form of a girl, but her heart is that of a warrior. She has done well. The Dahcotahs are great braves; they can see good even in an enemy. The child of the Pawnees has come to the camp of her enemies; she trusted a cowardly snake, but she shall find that she is among men. The child of the Pawnees came empty handed; she shall go back full. All is before her, let her choose." Wild Sage thanked her foes in graceful and earnest tones, and claimed at once her admiring and grateful lover, who himself addressed the Dahcotahs, and advised that the tribes should henceforth hunt together, and war no more. His proffer was accepted, and an escort forthwith departed to take him and his rejoicing bride back to their astonished people. Great were the festivities that ensued, and in a week further, the Pawnees and Sioux met to celebrate, by dances and other ceremonies, the marriage of Wild Sage and Swift Cloud. The Fox was not present, having been thrust with ignominy from the tribe, his wife alone following and comforting him in his well merited adversity.

THE LATE COUNTESS OF CORK.

Isabella, Countess of Cork and Orrery, was the third daughter of William Poyntz, Esq., a gentleman of ancient family,—and Elizabeth second daughter and co-heiress of Kelland Courteney, formerly M. P. for Honiton. Previously to her marriage, Miss Isabella Poyntz (Countess of Cork) was Maid of Honour to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte. In 1795 she married her first cousin, Viscount Dungarvon, the present Earl of Cork. Her only brother, William S. Poyntz, late M. P. for Midhurst, died in 1840.

The party giving eccentricities of the Countess of Cork, formed for more than half a century of her long life, the most remarkable feature of her eccentric character; the paramount pleasure of her life seemed to consist in seeking out people distinguished in politics, literature, wit, and fashion, for the purpose of adding lustre to her entertainments. Whatever noticeable novelty arose—whether in high life or common life—"all," to use a familiar phrase, "were fish that came to her net," whether of the sea or of the river; the highest talented rank, or the highest rank of talent, were equally prized and courted by this indefatigable Lion hunter. Lady Cork's *recherché* dinners and *soirées* by these means presented extraordinary combinations of gifted and talented guests, from Dr. Johnson and Mr. Sheridan in her earlier time, to George the Fourth, Mr. Canning, Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, and Lord Byron of her later day. Her house in New Burlington Street was most tastefully fitted for the reception of her illustrious guests: every part of it abounded in pretty things—*objets*, as they are sometimes called, which her visitors were strictly forbidden to touch. Beyond her magnificent drawing-rooms a boudoir, and beyond it a long rustic room, with a moss covered floor, with plants and statues; while the lower part of the house consisted of a handsome dining-room and library, which looked upon a small ornamented garden, where a fountain played; beyond these were a couple of rooms fitted up like conservatories, in which she received her guests before dinner. She had her *fine-lady* parties, which she called *pink*; her *blue stocking* parties, which she called *blue*; and more frequently a mixture of both. At the last, she would assemble two or three fine ladies, two or three wits or poets, two or three noblemen

and distinguished members of the House of Commons, and one or two of her own family, seldom exceeding ten or twelve, at a round table, where each could see and talk to all the others without reaching across any body; so that the conversation was general. The cuisine was excellent; and it was the usage of the house (as at Lady Holland's, and indeed all other houses where the entertainer is a lady) to follow the fairer part of the company, after a very short interval, into the drawing room.

When we first saw Lady Cork her lionizing mania had reached its fever point. At which time, when visiting her friends, she perceived any strangers, her first question was, not "who, or what are they?" but "what can they do?" Yet with all Lady Cork's admitted taste in the selection of her evening "Stars" she was unacquainted with that skill and delicacy of polish requisite to make them shine with full effect. Her Ladyship was unpractised in the nice tact and finesse which draws forward, imperceptible to the possessor, the amusive powers of the gifted. On the contrary, she would stir up the reposing faculties of her "Lions," somewhat too much in the fashion of a backneyed *Shoo Beast*, and by using the long pole too briskly, sometimes fright the more delicate mon-ter, the more timid animals into silence, or exasperate the more savage into defiance, thus, by her premature or ill-timed pokings and ticklings, defeat her own interests, and not unfrequently some "Lion rough," who otherwise had "roared you as gently as any sucking dove—or an 'twere any nightingale," whose humour she had turned "the seamy side without" would show his claws, in effect saying, "If you think that I came hither as a *Lion* it were pity of my life: no, I am no such a thing; I am a man as other men are."

Poor Lady Cork, it must be owned had very many of these lion loving vexations. Her *beast es* were sometimes shy and difficult to catch, or when caught were not always tame and tractable. Some had no dislike to show themselves at feeding time, but resolutely refused to roar as expected. We recollect several of these instances. One, on a dinner occasion, when, from some culinary mishap (very rare in her house)

*The second course

Came lagging like a distanced horse,

The exigent hostess, gladly seized upon any opportunity for the exercise of her ruling passion, addressed young Ch——les M——t——s, her then idol whom she was impatient to show off, with a request that he would sing one of his 'delightful songs while the next course was preparing,' a course to which he decidedly objected. Another day, Theodore Hook, who was very apt to show his disgust without being very choice of the means, and upon whose resources Lady Cork had possibly drawn larger drafts than he was prepared to honour, or he was not 'the vein' to be commanded, grew moody and silent, as he was wont to be when he saw a predetermined attempt to render him *farceur* of the time, and he secretly resolved to escape at the first possible moment when he could do so unobserved. When the dessert was placed, the lady being in despair of her principal Lion's 'roaring *ex tempore*,' as she wished, turned her experiments upon another of her gifted guests, when Theodore dexterously slipped out of the room, and closing the street door after him with a noiseless effort, felt all the elasticity of a freed spirit return. The evening being excessively warm, the windows had been left partially open, and the blinds only in part let down, so that an imperfect view of the party was discernible from without, from the well lighted room. Theodore crossed over to the opposite side of the street, to observe whether his disappearance had occasioned any sensation, but the undisturbed position of the hostess and the guests gave no indication that he had been missed, a result probably not quite agreeable to the *amour propre* of the young pampered pet of fashion;—and piqued at the bare idea that "their sky could do without him," this Jupiter of the wits resolved to hurl his fiercest thunder and awaken the party to a more actual sense of their deprivation; which he did in the following not very delicate manner.

He engaged a boy passing at the time, by the promise of an adequate bribe to obey instructions, directing his attention to the open windows opposite, through which by a slight effort might be seen the pallid countenance of a Poet, who in fact never had the air of *un gros rejou*, and at that particular moment looked more than usually *triste*, as if dwelling less upon the 'Pleasures of Memory,' than the actual 'Miseries of Human Life' and those especially of the time present.—The offended god who had abdicated his throne, at once fixed upon him, as the conductor of his 'brisk lightning,' and his young coadjutor—instigated by the expected reward and his patron's instructions, proving apt and docile, crossed over to the aforesaid open windows, which seemed in fact to invite external comment, and with the *sang froid* and hardi-esse of an experienced joker, cried out in a shrill and audible voice.—

"Jolly S—m R—g—rs, tip us a song!"

This well-perpetrated *grossièreté* had the obvious effect of a stroke of galvanism upon his hearers, one of whom precipitately approached the windows, and pulled down the blinds, the next minute a summoned servant closed the windows and put to the shutters.

This palpable sensation was satisfactory to the mischief-loving wag, who, after duly rewarding his young pupil, walked away chuckling, and exulting in having taken his revenge upon his exacting hostess, and wounded *ears polite*. Notwithstanding these, and many other like checks and drawbacks, Lady Cork's parties held forth divers compensations to the oftentimes bored portion of her visitors; while her Ladyship, maugre her besetting sin, was most agreeable and *piquante*. Indeed, the *agréments* of her entertainments prevailed from time to time to "win back straying souls," many of whom (and Theodores included), after deprecating the objectionable system under which they winced, and forswearing her house, invariably returned to a repetition of the inflictions of her lively Ladyship's lionizing vein, who was really a most amazing vivacious old lady. Her memory, too, at this advanced period of her life, was remarkably tenacious, of which the following instance will suffice.

At a *soirée* of Lady Combermere's, about fifteen or twenty years ago, finding the rooms extremely warm, she early ordered her carriage to be called up. On its being announced, Lady Cork was attended down stairs by several gentlemen, when it was discovered that the servant had made a mistake. It was not her carriage that waited. It was proposed to her to re-ascend the stairs, out of the draught, but her juvenile Ladyship laughed at the idea of cold-catching in such a mild evening, and declared she would seat herself in the hall, with the street door open, until her carriage could be extricated from the throng. A chair was therefore placed close to the open door, while surrounded by her gallant knights, the fair lady recited from memory a whole book of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, with 'emphasis and good discretion.' She must then have attained her eightieth year, and her appearance, during this display, was extremely interesting; her exterior presenting, at the period alluded to, the very *beau idéal* of *Old Ladyism*; her petite figure appropriately clad, and her wrinkled face shaded (*shrouded*) in exquisite point lace, while her little feet,

neely cased in white satin high heeled shoes—were rather coquettishly exhibited to her audience.

Like all old people, she rejoiced in talking of her youthful days. 'You knew Dr. Johnson?' said a gentleman to her. 'Knew Dr. Johnson?' answered she; 'why he was my bosom friend. I'll tell you a story of him. He was sitting by me, and, in the heat of his conversation, began pinching my knee—I was young then. I bore it a little while, and then remonstrated. 'Madam,' said the philosopher, 'I beg your pardon—but one must have a quieting motion.' 'Then,' said she, 'there was Sheridan; I claim the merit of having been his first friend. I used to invite him and introduce him to people. The seat he sat for at Stafford was put in his way by—my brother, [Charles Moncton] you know, was his colleague all the time. In society, the object at first was to get his wife to one's parties—that charming Miss Linley—she sang so well. Nobody knew at that time what the husband was to turn out. Lady—— said to me, 'I should like to have Mrs. Sheridan at my music on Tuesday, but then there's that drag of a husband!' In two years' time he was the Mr. Sheridan of the House of Commons, the pet of his party, and the observed of all observers—the *drag* of a husband was the hero of the day, and the idol of society.'

When she grew very old, she became rather despotic, and would sometimes say cross things to her best friends; but she did not dislike them for exhibiting in return a little independence, and, indeed, behaved best to those who would not let her take liberties. These liberties went to a great extent. It was said, that one summer morning when she was about to have a party at home, she got into the garden of her friend, Mr. Rogers, which runs behind St. James's Place to the Green Park, and despoiled it of half its flowers. A wit observed "that it was no wonder the poet looked so pale, since Lady Cork had robbed him of his roses." She was, however, very friendly, and delighted to do a kindness, and never thought it troublesome to speak, stir, write, or solicit for any of her protégés. She was upwards of ninety when she died. Until a few days before her death, she paid and received visits, got up at six in the morning, as she had done all through her life, and dined out whenever she had not company at home.

Lady Cork was the mother of nine children, six sons and three daughters, of whom only three sons survived. The Honourable John Boyle, formerly M.P. for Cork county; the Honourable Robert Boyle, Captain Grenadier Guards; and the Honourable and Reverend Richard Townsend Boyle, Rector of Marston, Somerset; all of whom attended the remains of their aged mother to the family vault, in the parish church of Frome, followed by many former recipients of her bounty, by whom she was justly lamented.

MADemoiselle JULIE: OR, WITCHCRAFT FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

Every now and then we read in the public prints of some wretched old woman brought before the police magistrate for practising, or pretending to practice witchcraft, and therethrough swindling sundry love-sick maid-servants out of their shillings and sixpences. Occasionally, also, we find parties of the same class and craft invading the province of the doctor, and doing "a snug little business" in the way of prescribing for, and of course curing, the diseases of all and sundry who may become their clients. The medium through which these wise women of the alleys and suburbs of this great city profess to become mistresses of the maladies of the unseen, is commonly a bit of rag from the clothing, a nail-paring, a lock of hair, or anything else connected with the person of the patient. The half-crown being paid, the nature of the malady is declared, and the means of cure specified. This is very various, according to the experience, the genius, or the fancy of the prescriber. Sometimes the disease is combated by what the learned would call *dynamic means*, such as words or gestures, or the doing certain things at certain hours, or the handling of black or white cats, the plucking feathers from the tails of cocks, &c. At other times the vulgar materials wherewith doctors work are put in requisition; especially those more obsolete sort of drugs, which, owing to the prime virtues of powerlessness and harmlessness, have come down to our time, with undiminished fame, from the days of the Heracides or before. Cures marvellous and manifold are thus wrought; cures, the reality of which is never questioned; and which, to the philosophers of the alleys and attics, seem, and are, unquestionable; and no marvel. Have not these reasoners the very same grounds for their belief which satisfy their betters? The disease was declared; and the patient after a time got well. What can be more convincing? If, being ignorant of physic, they are ignorant of the fact that Nature has the happy power of curing some diseases of her own mere motion; and if, having studied neither Bacon nor Locke, they confound sequence with consequence, the *post hoc* with the *propter hoc*,—can we blame severely, or at all, their loose logic or their halting reasoning? Should we not rather pity, and excuse, and forgive them, laying blame—if blame there be—on the lowliness of their lot and all its attendant circumstances, which makes ignorance unavoidable, science impossible? Alas,

—Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll

Nor, looking to the influences of the same condition, the same circumstances, the same opportunities, the same causes, should we regard with too deep a disgust, or visit with too fierce an indignation, the poor wretches who thus practice on the ignorance and credulity of their humble neighbours. In one sense, knowledge may be said to be goodness as well as power: if it strengthens the intellectual faculties into wisdom, it strengthens the moral faculties into virtue. It has this tendency at least; and if it does not always do so, it often does so. Ought we, then, to feel surprise that among the children of penury and ignorance there are deceivers as well as dupes?

But what shall we say for those who, without having any of the same grounds for excuse, exhibit the same intellectual debility, the same debasing credulity, the same lamentable ignorance and error? Could it be credited, if it were not known as a positive and melancholy truth, that it is by the upper classes of society, by our aristocracy, that quacks, charlatans, pretenders, and impostors of all sorts, are most especially patronized? I will not intrude upon your crowded columns any general proofs of this fact, although scores of most pertinent illustrations present themselves. Indeed the thing is undeniable; is notorious. What is its explanation? Can it be sought but this—that among a portion of this class of the community, with all their refined and fashionable culture and accomplishments, science and logic, and all sound knowledge, scientific truths, and the modes of investigating them and judging of their nature, their evidence and value—are as little known as among their social antipodes? If such is the fact, it is one as melancholy to contemplate as it is deeply to be deplored: it is more—it is discreditably, unjustifiably, fraught with much present evil, and ominous of more.

I give the following brief narrative, as explaining and illustrating, and (I hope) justifying the observations and animadversions which precede. I leave to the reader all comment on the case. To me it seems to speak for itself, "with most miraculous organ," disclosing secrets of the most humiliating and portentous kind, in quarters where, least of all, such disclosures should be possible.

During the last six months there has been allocated in the near neighbourhood of the most fashionable precinct of the West End, a certain young French woman, known by the name of Mademoiselle Julie, who has obtained a great reputation among our aristocracy as a curer of diseases. She is about twenty years of age, obviously from her manners and conversation of the lower order of society, ill educated, and indeed illiterate. She is accompanied by her mother, a person in manner and bearing even inferior to her daughter, and by a gentleman who is said to be the brother-in-law of the mother. These people at present occupy good furnished lodgings in a street opening into one of the West-end squares. Their principal operations are performed at home; but Mademoiselle also condescends to visit patients at their own houses, more especially those of high rank and title.

The system adopted by Mademoiselle Julie is too ingenious and too well calculated to attract attention from the class by whom she is patronized, to allow us to doubt that it has been adopted after mature consideration and with malice aforethought.

This is the system of our Wise-Woman of the West End:—The sick person cures off a lock of her or his own hair "close to the head," places it, unprepared by other touch, upon a piece of white silk, folds this with his or her own hand, and finally deposits it in an envelope of clean paper. This facile and self-executed ruse of the lock is all that is required of the patient in the first instance. No doctor intrudes with his troublesome and disagreeable questions; no pulse need be felt, no tongue need be shown; no horrid percussor or more horrid stethoscope need frighten the gentle breast from its propriety. The lock is shorn, the deed is done; the dropped *Morning Post* is picked up, the new novel is resumed; the ripple of a moment vanishes, and the surface of life is tranquil as before. The next step is to convey the precious lock to the cell of the Wise Woman, where the real business begins. This is transacted as follows:—The uncle or mother of Julie magnetizes or mesmerizes her by some of the ordinary manipulations, and she falls asleep almost instantly (time is precious to those who are paid by the half hour). The hair is then placed in her hand by the person who brings it; this person is put *en rapport* with her, by simply touching her hand once; she removes the covering from the mystical lock, takes it into her hand, and then commences a very active and elaborate process of rubbing and squeezing and picking it with the right hand, while it is held by the left: occasionally, also, she smells it. When this process has continued a few minutes, she begins to touch and press her own body with the fingers of the right hand, moving them from one place to another, sometimes rapidly, sometimes slowly, but finally dwelling preferably on one place, which she continues to press and manipulate more mystically and earnestly, and at last exclusively. It is then easily guessed that here is the site of the patient's malady, and the guess is soon verified by the words of the Pythoness. These words are waited for by the uncle, pen in hand, and are immediately committed to paper as they are uttered slowly, interruptedly, and in a subdued, sleepy tone. The record is made in the first person singular, as if the fair Julie were the patient. "I feel a pain,"—"I feel a sensation," &c., a mode of expression which is accounted for by the transcendent fact, of which both Julie and her *confrère* assure us, that through the mystic influence of the lock of hair by the intermingling of its (i. e. the patient's) magnetic fluid with her own, she, poor soul, is, for the nonce, made the recipient of all the aches, pains, sensations,—in short, of all the morbid symptoms of the unseen sufferer, who may, for any thing she knows or cares, be hundreds of miles distant.

Good heaven, what a life of martyrdom must be that of poor Julie! To have one's poor carcass made the stage on which all the horrors that escaped from Pandora's box are to play their part—one after another, from morn to night; and, worse than all, a new one every hour. The very imagination of the thing is intolerable; what must be the reality! The conception of such an intrinsic monopoly by one poor body, of all the ills that flesh is heir to, puts that of Dante to shame. The worst torments of the *Inferno* must yield to the Promethean sufferings of the unhappy Julie. And then, what inconceivable devotion to the cause of humanity, what unexampled fortitude, what heroic courage, to dare and do all this, voluntarily, willingly, readily, cheerfully, yea eagerly! It is, of course, impossible to believe that into a mind capable of doing and suffering such things, the thought of fee or reward as compensation could enter; and, doubtless, the half-sovereign per *séance* and per lock, is accepted either in simple accordance with the practice of vulgar doctors, or for the purpose of being expended in relieving the sufferings of others, which, assuredly, none can know so truly and feel so surely as our poor Pythoness. But to return.

Having exposed the ills of one region, she passes to another, then to a third (as the case may be), and so on until she has given the full, true, and particular account of all the patient's diseased organs and their various symptoms. This is what the doctors call the *diagnosis* of the disease (viz. the settling its nature and name), which is followed by its *prognosis*, or exposition of its result; and, last of all, comes the *treatment*. This is set about as follows:—A small box or tray containing upwards of two hundred tiny bottles is set before her. These bottles are those used by the Homoeopaths, each containing its multitude of globules of medicated sugar of milk, with the name of the contained remedy pasted on each.* She passes her fingers rapidly over the corks of this multitude of bottles, and selects three or four, when the rest are put aside. She sniffs at the selected few, and at length fixes on one: this is the certain remedy for the disease, if it is remediable, or its emollient, if it is incurable. The half-sovereign is then paid, and the *séance* breaks up.

During the whole course of the proceedings, Julie remains with her eyes nearly or wholly closed, and speaks in a subdued tone; but exhibits no special indication to the observer of being in any peculiar condition but what might be expected from any person performing the part that is performed by her. She converses freely with the person originally placed *en rapport* with her, and answers any question he may put in relation to the patient or to herself.

My personal knowledge of Julie and her proceedings is limited to two visits on two successive days, recently paid to her at her lodgings in — street. These visits were paid at the suggestion of a gentleman of rank, for one of

* As some readers may be ignorant of the usual quantity of medicinal matter contained in one of these globules (a dose) I may state, in passing, that if a grain of any of the medicinal substances were dissolved in the Lake of Geneva or in the Caspian Sea, a single drop of the marine solution poured upon one of these globules, would be the fit and proper dose for the particular malady for which the remedy is given.

whose relatives Julie had prescribed; and who, although a believer in her marvellous doings, was yet anxious that one who had had somewhat more experience with the mesmerists should observe her proceedings and test her powers. I willingly consented to accompany this gentleman to the cell of the Wise-Woman, not, of course, to settle any doubts I myself entertained of the true character of the whole affair—for of this I had no doubts—but in hopes that something might occur that would disabuse one honourable mind, at least, if it did not even help to break the degrading and despicable spell which had snared and bound the judgment of hundreds of his own high class, reducing them, in this respect, to the level of the lowest. I was aware of the risk I was running of helping to confirm, instead of exposing, their absurd infatuation—which would be the consequence of Julie's guesses happening to be right in the particular cases I was to submit to her. On the other hand, I thought that a few very simple precautions in the selection of the cases, and in the mode of presenting them, would turn the chances on my side. I need hardly say that I knew the pretended knowledge to be an impossibility; but I knew, at the same time, that the symptom of diseases are so various and vague, and many of such uniform occurrence in disease, that it would not be very difficult by an enumeration of more or fewer of these common or universal symptoms, to give a colour of accuracy where nothing of the kind existed. And in the cases which had been already reported to me as successful instances of Julie's powers, I perceived that this was the usual course of her proceeding. I selected my cases accordingly—cases strongly marked, thoroughly definite, and with such bold and characteristic features that the failure to state these must be admitted as a total failure, however much mention might be made of many other symptoms of an inferior or immaterial kind. And in order to satisfy my friends that no special pleading would be possible either on my part or theirs, I placed a memorandum of the nature of each case in a sealed envelope, to be opened at the close of the sitting, and compared with the written revelations of the fair seer. In doing this, I confess that I felt my position somewhat humiliating, as if I were still open to the suspicion of entertaining some doubts as to the real state of things. However, for the reasons given above, I went on.

I had prepared three cases of disease; but I only consulted the fair Julie for two—one on each day. I regret that I cannot give here the full and exact particulars of each case, as they are now lying before me in my own memoranda and those taken down from the dictation of Julie; but these are only suited to the pages of a medical journal. The following general outline, however, will suffice for my present purpose:—

Case First—was that of a girl of twelve years of age, who has a most horrible and disfiguring disease of the mouth, but is in the most perfect health in other respects. So said my sealed memoranda. Julie's *diagnosis*, now before me, is,—that there is disease of the heart and lungs, and stomach and kidneys, with general debility, fever, &c. &c., but not one word respecting the actual disease! Upon being questioned as to the sex of the patient, she said the individual was a woman ("une femme," not *filie*).

Case Second—was that of a man, with an incurable disease of a peculiar kind, having its seat in the left lung, and who laboured under no other disease, except debility and general derangement of functions necessarily dependent on so severe a malady. Mademoiselle Julie's memorandum says not one word of any disease of the lungs or other organs of the chest, but places all the mischief at the other extremity of the body. The hair was declared to be a woman's, and the disease one peculiar to the sex!

This, I think, is what in vulgar language is called "a clincher," and with it I take my leave of the subject of Mademoiselle Julie. If, after receiving this taste of the quality of their oracle, her fashionable patrons and patronesses still continue to frequent her shrine, accept her inspirations, and obey her behests, it is to be at least hoped that the police magistrate will henceforth visit with pity and forgiveness, and not with reproach and punishment, the vulgar witches of the suburban alleys, or their poverty-stricken and unlettered victims.—*London Athenaeum*.

THE BATTLE OF HANAU.

Of all the battles presided over by the genius of Napoleon, that of Hanau, fought on the 30th of October, 1813, presents to the military student the most unrivalled example of the masterly appliance of the combined arms of cavalry and artillery on a grand scale, and illustrates in the practice, more brilliantly than any other previous or subsequent field of modern war, the literal fulfilment of those golden axioms of the military art which have been laid down for the higher grade of cavalry tactics, one of the most important in the sphere of action of the General. It was at Hanau that, without the auxiliary action of large infantry masses, the long dubious victory was at once decided by the whole collective cavalry breaking into the centre of the enemy's line, rendered practicable and previously prepared for by the destructive effects of a numerous and well-served artillery.

At Hanau, though bowed by previous defeat, the exalted war genius of the French Emperor is again seen arising in the moment of the most imminent peril to resume its former greatness. At Hanau the French Commander was again enveloped with the glory of his first campaigns; nor was it scarcely possible that Victory should fail her former favourite, when his mind again grasped all at once,—when his finger pointed at once to all that was to be effected; and the act of the brave Nansouty at Hanau is a feat worthy to be placed beside that of the immortal Seidlitz, at Zorndorf. Even though the extraordinary events of 1814, and the loud fame of the victory of Leipzig, united to the then dominant hatred of the French, overshadowed the fame of this day's fight, yet must all who strive towards the truth in the history of war, and who search for the most decided evidences of military genius, unhesitatingly place this great war feat in the clearest light, even though achieved by a foe.

On the 25th of October, 1813, the Emperor Napoleon quitted the city of Erfurt, from the arsenals of which place he had provided his artillery with every necessary. During the short repose which he permitted himself in that city, he had effected a re-organization of his troops, and re-established that spirit which, after the fearful "Fight of the Nations," had been deeply depressed by a rapid and uninterrupted retreat.

Scarcely, however, had two marches been completed, when the newly-resumed bonds of discipline again relapsed. Compressed and crowded upon a single line of retreat; threatened on all sides by a victorious and far more numerous army; the renewed prospect of the fearful winter campaign of 1812 presented itself to the mind of the French troops. The Imperial Guard, it is true, with the 1st Cuirassier Division, which had been incorporated therewith, presented an imposing union of the whole; but among the regiments of the line, in which alone the old experienced soldiers stood firm to their eagles, disorder rose to such a pitch that thousands of the younger soldiers deserted from their corps

d'armée, and uniting in numerous and marauding bands, of all arms, preceded the army like hungry locusts, spreading themselves through the villages and places, and abandoning themselves to the most unbridled excesses. Meanwhile, throughout the whole army from first to last, from the undaunted veteran of that immortal Guard to the discouraged conscript, prevailed the thought of once more gaining the sheltering and friendly banks of the Rhine.

Almost from the first hour of the retreat of the French from Leipsic to Erfurt, the army had been surrounded, as in a net, by numerous partisan corps of the Allies, particularly by those of General Orloff Denizoff, Czernitscheff, Kaisaroff, Scheibler, and Mensdorf, which at a later period had even gained the high road before it. This important event, which rendered all the communications of the army with France more difficult, explains how Napoleon obtained only on the 28th of October an accurate knowledge of the great danger which then threatened him; that is, of the advance of the allied Austro-Bavarian army, under the command of the General of Cavalry, Count Wrede, in his front. From that moment he directed his whole attention to the seizure of the position on the river Kinzig at Wirtheim, which then presents one of the strongest positions for defence. Immediately, several Officers d'Ordonnance were despatched in quick succession; and not until General Excelmans reported to him that he had passed the Kinzig at Wirtheim, and had already occupied the small town of Gelnhausen, two hours' march further towards the Mayn, did he turn with evident satisfaction to his staff, with the words, "Now, gentlemen, the road to France is again open."

On the 29th of October, Count Sebastiani, who led the French advance guard, fell in with the Bavarian Division La Motte, and the Austrian Brigade of General Volkmann, on the other side of Gelnhausen, to which corps the Russian General, Kaisaroff, speedily united himself. At three o'clock in the afternoon a warm engagement commenced, which continued until late in the evening; after which the Allies took post near the village of Rüdingen, close by the Lomboy Wood.

At 8 o'clock in the morning of the 30th of October, Marshal Macdonald, who had assumed the command of the whole of the advanced troops, attacked Gen. La Motte with great vigour. Two whole brigades dispersed themselves as skirmishers, and succeeded in gaining more and more ground; while, wherever the wood permitted it, the cavalry of General Sebastiani seized the opportunity to make a charge. After an obstinate and protracted resistance, Generals La Motte and Volkmann abandoned the wood, and retired upon the main position which the Allies had taken up.

Count Wrede had drawn up his army, about 40,000 strong, in a semi-circle before the outlet of the forest, on each side of the high road; the right wing, Becker's division, on both banks of the Kinzig, supported by the divisions, Back and La Motte. On the plain, on the left wing, the whole of the cavalry under the command of Field-Marshal Lieutenant Spleny took up their position. In the rear of their right flank stood, as central reserve, the Grenadier Brigade of Count Klenau. Baron Trautenberg with his 1st Grenadier Brigade, that of Major-General Tigmar, had the order to occupy the inner squares of the town. Sixty pieces of cannon, under the direction of the Austrian Major-General Swrnik, were pointed towards the outlet of the wood. Colonel Count Mensdorf, with two regiments of Cossacks, the Lieut.-Colonel's Division of Archduke Ferdinand Huzzars, and one squadron of Hesse-Homburg Huzzars, with a Prussian squadron of mounted Jäger Volunteers, took post on the extreme left wing, while at a short distance in his rear, covering the Friedberg road, stood the partisan corps of Generals Czernitscheff and Kaisaroff; subsequently despatched, however, to Friedberg, to intercept a numerous body of the enemy's cavalry which were reported to be advancing in that direction.

The battle had already raged till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but had assumed on neither side a decisive preponderance. Although the French had made themselves masters of the whole of the forest, yet they had been unable to make good their footing on the plain, driven back each time by the murderous fire from the great central battery, as also by that of other batteries on the flanks. It seemed as though the contest was to be confined alone to the fiercest cannonade and the struggle of large swarms of skirmishers. Count Wrede, as did subsequently his great contemporary on the field of Waterloo, felt that every hour gained was an advantage won; as with every hour he expected a diversion on the part of the grand Allied Army, or from that of the army of Silesia.

By this time, however, Napoleon from the skirts of the wood had reconnoitered with deep attention the enemy's position, and, summoning his Marshals and Generals around him, issued in a few words the following orders for the battle:—"We must delay no longer. I will not wait for the infantry; Ragusa will not arrive before evening. Mortier holds the position at Wertheim, and has yet two marches to make. That which I have in hand must suffice to beat back the enemy. His position is not strong: his left wing, consisting of cavalry, has possession of our road: against that wing the shock must be made. Count Nansouty, collect your whole cavalry; with them break the enemy's centre and throw all on the left into the water. Now first begins the battle, and that with the great event (le grand événement*). Druot will prepare the way. Friant will open the way out of the wood:—he will be the firm axle. Time is precious—*Pariez!*"

And with these words all assumed a new life. General Curial with a battalion of veteran grenadiers, and another of the foot-chasseurs of the Old Guard, burst out of the wood at the quick step, and formed on the left of the high road, followed by two horse batteries of the Guard, supported by the Dragoons of the Guard and a regiment of Lancers. General Druot led the guns in full gallop to the nearest possible range, and opened his fire. Other batteries followed him in quick succession, and deployed with rapidity on both sides into line; in all, fifty mounted guns. Meanwhile Marshal Macdonald, on the left wing, pushed forward continually his innumerable swarms of skirmishers, supported by battalions of the Old Guard. The whole collective cavalry debouched from the wood and wheeled to the right†.

Count Wrede, a general of the great school, seized now the favourable moment to arrest the coming storm, and dissipate its elements before their con-

* Such was his usual expression for the advance with the Guard and the reserve.

† These details and words of the French Emperor are derived from an eyewitness of high rank.

‡ Many conflicting accounts have been given of the French force in this day's fight; but there were scarcely 35,000 men of the French present on the day of the battle. The infantry corps of Marmont, Ney, Bertrand, Mortier, and two corps of cavalry, had not yet come up; and the Duke of Ragusa arrived only with 7000 men; so weak were the divisions of the army. On the passage to the left bank of the Rhine, the French army, according to the most creditable accounts, did not number more than 60,500.

centration had been effected; before the enemy had recovered that stability which the rapidity of their advance had of a necessity partially disordered. He commanded his cavalry to charge and take possession of their batteries; and well did that brave cavalry in full career effect their charge. They outran the enemy's cavalry regiments, dashed in upon the batteries, and their hands were already upon the guns; but the obstinate and heroic resistance of the artillerymen of the Guard*, who fiercely defended their pieces, hand to hand, with the rapid approach of the whole French cavalry, arrested their further efforts. The moment was lost: the Allies faced about, and a shower of grape was poured after them which spread havoc through their ranks.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the terrible fire of artillery directed against them, the French cavalry, with more than usual rapidity, formed on three lines, the first of which, consisting of four cuirassier regiments, charged into the bloody arena. Field-Marshal Lieutenant Baron Spleny now put himself at the head of Maurice Lichtenstein Cuirassiers, Knesewich Dragoons, and two regiments of Bavarian Light Dragoons, and rode manfully forward to meet them. He was, however, compelled to give way before the impetuous rush of the numerous, heavy, and closely serried masses, which were followed by all the remaining cavalry as reserve. At this moment, Count Nansouty wheeled the regiments of his left flank to the left, and like Kellerman at Marengo, threw himself at once upon the enemy's infantry!

Again did the Imperial and Bavarian Horse advance at the right moment to the rescue of their infantry. The Huzzars of Archduke Joseph, in close column of half squadrons, gallantly charged the enemy's flank; but from the second French line now rushed the Guard Grenadiers à cheval, the Guard Dragoons, and all belonging to the Cavalry of the Imperial Household. The grand moment was now decided. In spite of the bravest resistance several infantry squares were broken and ridden down; whole battalions were precipitated into the waters of the Kinzig.

The French batteries supported this cavalry attack in the most masterly manner; advancing gradually and constantly with the right wing, and redoubling their fire in that direction.

Under these circumstances, the great battery of the Allies, which had already been worked so efficiently for several successive hours, and for that reason had expended its ammunition before those of the French, was compelled to retire to a more rearward position, firing only at intervals as it fell back *en échelon* towards the bridge: this could only be effected slowly, compressed in a narrow space, now thronged with the retiring infantry, and the cuirassier regiments of Count St. Germain, which now advanced full upon it, gained every instant more ground. The whole scene was now changed. Where, a short time previously, imposing lines of infantry were to be seen in extended array, the Austrian and Bavarian battalions, rolled up as it were into commingled, retiring columns, seemed to have disappeared amid the smoke; and the thunder of their own artillery had ceased. All was anxious silence.† This was a moment whose full importance was quickly grasped by Colonel Mensdorf, hitherto occupied with covering the left wing, and who now gallantly led his two Cossack regiments, followed by the other Huzzar squadrons, against the right flank of the French cuirassiers; opening at the same time a vivid fire upon the enemy from nine Austrian guns, collected together in the hurry of the moment. Vigorously assailed in front at the same moment by the Austrian regiments, Lichtenstein Cuirassiers, and Knesewich Dragoons, the French were again thrown back upon their reserve, whose commander, General Sebastiani, alone succeeded in restoring the equilibrium with the cavalry of the Guard. For the troops occupied in retiring, an important gain of time resulted from this brilliant effort, of which every possible advantage was taken; and Count Wrede, in order to disengage his centre and left wing, commanded an attack on the left wing of the enemy by the Austrian grenadiers. It came to the bayonet. But this day seemed reserved for the last day of triumph of the Old Imperial Guard on the soil of Germany; and on that point also it repulsed the last effort of the Allies. Count Wrede withdrew his army across the Kinzig, and night closed the battle.

Early on the morning of the 31st of October, Marshal Duke of Ragusa took possession of Hanau with the three corps d'armée under his command;—his own, that of Marshal Ney, wounded at Leipsic, and that of Count Bertrand; in all 7000 men. Under cover of these troops, not engaged in the battle of the previous day, Napoleon marched to Frankfurt, taking a direction somewhat to the right of the high road. Count Wrede, in order to embarrass the enemy's retiring columns as much as possible, and to harass his rear-guard, resolved to take the town of Hanau at the point of the bayonet. At the head of the Imperial Grenadiers he mounted first the walls, and advanced to the assault of the Nuremberg gate. But while forcing his way through the Kinziger gate, he was severely wounded in the groin, at the moment when, followed by the Grenadiers and Jagers, he had nearly reached the Kinzig bridge.

Marshal Mortier, who led the extreme rear-guard of the French army, consisting of two divisions of the Young Guard and a corps of cavalry, received the order to leave the bloody field of Hanau on his left; and from Gelnhausen, where he halted, he made a circuit to the right through Bergen, and united himself with the army at Höchst.

The French lost on the field of battle 3,000 men. The loss of the Allies amounted to 10,000.

ALEXANDRIA IN 1845.

[Concluded.]

The months of July and August, 1845, have been marked with occurrences at Alexandria of more than ordinary interest, among which rank first the visit of a Prince of the blood royal of France, the Duc de Montpensier, youngest son of Louis Philippe. He arrived in the fine steamer, the Gomer, which had recently conveyed his illustrious father to the shores of England.

Unlike Prince Waldemar, who travelled *incog.*, he landed as the son of the Sovereign of France; was received by the son of the Viceroy, Said Pasha, and royally lodged in one of the Pasha's palaces. Shortly after his arrival the Viceroy himself went to pay him a visit. After receiving deputations of the French inhabitants, this young scion of royalty proceeded, with a numerous suite, including Said Pasha, to Cairo.

After seeing the lions, accompanied by Abbas Pasha, he crossed the Desert, in a coach and six, to Suez, on the 10th of July. The 11th and 12th were employed in visiting the Wells of Moses, the sites of the proposed fortifications, the projected canal of communication between the Red Sea and Medi-

* It is this moment which the incomparable Vernet has chosen as the prominent subject of his admirable picture of "The Battle of Hanau," which of all his series has frequently and especially attracted our attention.

† A few minutes more, and the enemy had attained the retiring guns, and taken the enfeebled divisions, Becker and La Motte, in flank and rear.

terranean, which was explained by the French engineer, M. Minant. After inspecting the French war steamer, the Archimede, which is now lying in the Suez Roads, the Prince returned to Cairo, whence he started, on the 15th July, with three steamers, for Upper Egypt, attended by Said Pasha and M. Linant. After visiting the Faioum, Thebes, the first cataract, and other objects of interest, he returned to Alexandria, 5th August, reviewing the troops &c. at Cairo.

On the 9th the Prince quitted Alexandria for Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Constantinople, on board the Gomer, amid salvos of artillery from the batteries of Ras el Tin and the ships of war in the harbour. The Viceroy attended him to the beach. Ibrahim and Said Pasha accompanied him on board. Ibrahim presented him with a chibouque, richly ornamented with white diamonds; Abbas Pasha a nergilaye, curiously inlaid; Said Pasha a zarf, tastefully enamelled; and the Viceroy an Arabian horse and mare of high blood and surpassing beauty.

On the 15th August seven thousand pounds' worth of frosted and wrought silver was presented to the Pasha by Capt. Lyons, R. N., and Agent of the Honourable East India Company, assisted by a numerous deputation of English gentlemen, including all the most respectable merchants of Alexandria, two officers of the Indian Army, Captains Hunter and Newbold, and Mr. Walne, the Company's Agent at Cairo. Capt. Lyons read the Company's letter to the Pasha in French, which was translated in Turkish to his Highness, simply to the effect that the piece of plate was offered to his Highness to mark the sense the Company entertained of his enlightened conduct in suffering the communication with India to go on unmolested at a time of war. The Pasha received the deputation and address most cordially. His divan was literally crowded. Coffee was served to all. His Prime Minister, Artim Bey, officiated as interpreter, and conveyed verbally to the deputation the Pasha's answer, which was to this effect, viz., that His Highness had done but little, that he had long heard of the Company's munificence and had now experienced in his own person a magnificent proof of it, and that he hoped ever to merit a continuance of its good opinion and friendship.

This concluded, the Pasha rose, and led the way into the apartment where the piece of plate stood,—a magnificent fountain of silver, of the most exquisite workmanship,—the largest piece of argenterie ever turned out by silver-smith in the world. It was in full play, and evidently a subject of admiration to the Pasha himself, and to the crowd of Europeans and Turkish officers who followed into the room.

The Pasha having stood some time admiring it, turned to Artim Bey and desired that Mr. Smith, the son of the artist, should attend daily, and exhibit the fountain to all ladies and gentlemen who might be desirous of seeing it, and that his palace should be open to them at all hours. This considerate and really kind proposition emanated spontaneously, on the spot, from the old man himself and deserves to be recorded among the kindlier traits of his character.

A *déjeuner à la fourchette* was given, in honour of the event, the same day, by Capt. and Mrs. Lyons,—Artim and Hekekyan Bey were both present,—which went off in excellent style, and did infinite credit to the efforts of the amiable and ladylike hostess, and to those of the worthy host. The health of the Pasha was toasted in a bumper of champagne.

On the 18th the Pasha gave a dinner,—a rather remarkable event,—to celebrate the occasion, at which the Consul-General, Capt. Lyons, the two officers of the Indian Army already mentioned, the Messrs. Thorburn, Bell, Sanders, and Robinson were present, and also several Turks of distinction, with Artim, Hekekyan, and Casilio Bey. The dinner was served in the usual European style,—soup, fish, *entrées*, and *entremets*. The courses succeeded in due order of procession, washed down by admirably iced sherry, hock, Champagne, and Bordeaux, followed by ices and a dessert of fruits and confitures. The service was of elegant china, little plate, napkins richly embroidered in gold. Behind each guest stood a Turkish servant with white gloves, and rose water filled the finger-glasses. The worthy old Pasha sat at the head of his table; opposite to him were Artim and Basilios Bey. He ate, and drank of every wine on the table, like a good Christian, but eructated *à la Turque*. This, to us, grave delictum, is considered quite the thing throughout the East, where I have found even the best-bred Persians, Afghans, and Brahmins consult their convenience in this respect, without the slightest shade of remorse or picking of conscience. I can easily conceive Charley Napier's astonishment on hearing the Viceroy give vent to such explosions for the first time. The old Commodore is said to have exclaimed on the occasion, 'That's right old boy! Up with it! Up with it all, if it will do any good!'

No etiquette was observed at table beyond that of the Pasha being served first, and no plate being removed till that of *Son Altesse* disappeared, which served as a signal for a general fresh supply, and the appearance of another course, which was handed round to the guests. This custom was of no inconvenience, as the Pasha, with true politeness, never suffered his plate to be removed while he observed any of his guests employed. A false set of teeth, supplied by an English dentist a few years ago, enabled the old gentleman to finish his with considerable effect and rapidity.

After dessert the Pasha dipped his fingers into rose water, and led the way to his old corner on the left in the divan room, where coffee was served.

His favourite son, Mahomed Bey, a stout fat boy, about twelve years old, with fine eyes, and a bluff, animated, though pale face, came in, and stood before his father. He performed obeisance by touching his own breast, forehead, and mouth. "Gel! Gel!" cried papa, striking the divan with animation, and making room beside him. The boy obeyed the signal, jumped on the divan, and, after again performing obeisance, squatted down by the side of his parent. He spoke French fluently, and declared his repugnance to follow the drum and file with much vivacity. The Pasha observed, he had the body of a soldier, but wanted the soul.

Shortly after this we took leave. The Pasha followed immediately after in his carriage and four, to smoke his evening chibouque, as is his wont, in Zozinia's gardens.

The dinner party was succeeded by a large bevy of ladies, who crowded into the palace to see the superb present from the East India Company.

The Viceroy.—Mahomed Ali, in 1845, looks as vigorous as when I was first introduced to him, nearly five years ago, and as active in his habits. Up at sunrise every morning, he mounts his superb grey charger, and rides through the city to the new fortifications, beyond the Eastern Gate, attended by a numerous cavalcade. Having taken a frugal breakfast in the garden kiosk of Signor Gibarra, he returns to the palace in his carriage, opens his divan, in which most of the day is passed in public business; dines early, *à l'Européenne*, with a moderate quantity of Bordeaux, and is again in his carriage immediately after dinner. He passes an hour or two in Signor Zozinia's gardens, or at his own summer pavilion on the banks of the Mahmoodieh, and returns to the palace at Ras el Tin at dusk.

At present, the new fortifications at Alexandria, and the flax factories at

Mansoorah, are his chief hobbies. He has imported a lecturer, M. Solon, from France, on the Code Napoleon, at the *Ecole des Langues*, at Cairo, and is endeavouring to effect a radical reform in the expenses attending the collection of the revenue, in the mode of collecting it, and in the system of accounts.

The life and soul of this financial measure is a clever French gentleman, whom I met at Cairo, named Roussé or Rousset. He still experiences great difficulties and opposition from parties interested. Peculation and embezzlement will ever be found to raise their hydra heads wherever there is no common treasury, where the system of double entry is unknown, and where the separate provincial governors have the power of making disbursements from their own treasuries, without reference to any general connected system of accounts. Numbers of Coptish clerks have been dismissed, but the new machinery of the proposed system is almost fatally impeded by the grand difficulty of settling the long arrears, in which it has hitherto been the policy of the Turkish Government to keep the country.

Trade languishes under the odious system of monopoly and *appaltes*: and the annual amount of exports and imports, which was estimated by Moukhtar Bey to amount, in 1836, to 100,000,000 francs, amounts now to hardly 70,000,000.

The appropriation of the *wakf* or mosque lands, by Mahomed Ali, has given great umbrage to the powerful Ulemas, Shaikhs, and other dignitaries of the Mahomedan church, who regard him pretty much in the same light as the fat Abbots did the reforming Henry the Eighth.

The long meditated improvement in the irrigation of Lower Egypt, by the barrage of the Nile, like the Desert canal and railroad, is still *in statu quo*. The project has been bandied about from one engineer to another, and has been taken out of the hands of M. Linant, and placed for the present in those of another French civil engineer.

An ophthalmic ward under Mr. Farquhar, an English surgeon of skill, has been established in the Civil Hospital; which does even more credit to the Pasha, in a country so cursed by ophthalmia, than his charitable donation of 60,000 piastres to the poor sufferers by the fire at Smirna.

Mahomed Ali, in his character of Prince Merchant, has been committing the expensive error of endeavouring to compete with England, &c., in the manufacture of the produce of his own cotton fields, instead of contenting himself in supplying us with the raw material. I inspected his manufactories five years ago, and again visited them in July and August, 1845, and saw everything in the most unequivocal symptoms of decay, though most of the factories are still partially kept up. The immense factory for woollen cloth at Boulac, was completely closed. Sugar and flax factories are fast rising, and steam machinery on a large scale, for the latter, has been ordered from England.

I am not aware that there is any prohibition against the employment of individual enterprise and capital in the establishment of manufactories, but the circumstance of the Pasha himself being a merchant, and all-powerful and arbitrary, is tantamount to it, and deprives the country of the great advantages which would inevitably accrue to it from the influx of European capital, industry and skill.

Administration.—The administration is carried on much as before the Syrian war. Artim Bey, an Armenian, has replaced poor old Boghos deceased, as Prime Minister, though the Pasha, like Louis Philippe, converts his Viziers into little better than mere secretaries. Eddim Bey has replaced Moukhtar Bey, as Minister of Public Works, Instruction, &c. Hassan Bey is still Minister of Marine, and Sherif Pasha, Minister of Finance. Ibrahim Pasha, the Pasha's reputed eldest son, is still at the head of an army, reduced by the evacuation of Syria and Hedjaz from 127,000 to 80,000, inclusive of irregulars and unmustered Bedouins. Said Pasha, another son, preserves his post as Admiral of the Fleet, which consists of about 30 sail, scarcely fit to go to sea, and four steamers, two of which are merely river boats. Abbas Pasha, son of the Viceroy's favourite son, Toussoun Pasha, who died of plague, is Kiaya Bey at Cairo, of which city Baky Bey is Deputy Governor.

The sixteen provinces into which Egypt is subdivided, are under the control of as many Governors and their subordinate *Mamoors* and *Nazirs*, while the duties of the *shaiikh el Beled*, or Elders of the village, correspond a most with those of the village Potails of India. The Coptish village accountants and scribes, remind one of the Brahman Cornums and Shanbossies.

Criminal justice is administered at Cairo and Alexandria agreeably to the *Shera* or Mahomedan law, by the Cadis, at the Mahkemehs or Tribunals of Justice.

PLEASURES OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Let us fancy a man timid, and unused to locomotion, who has perhaps been diverting his morning with newspaper accounts of railway accidents, arriving in the evening at the great terminus at Euston Square, bound on a nocturnal trip to Birmingham or Liverpool. Passing under an entrance as colossal and imposing as an Egyptian temple, he is hurried through the darkness to a spot which almost realises the description of the hall of Eblis. Long colonnades of iron pillars support an iron roof, the intricate tracery of which fades away in gloom, while below rows of brilliant gas lamps bewilder his suddenly expanded vision. Passengers more accustomed to the voyage than himself knock him about in their anxiety to secure their own places. Anon, porters pushing huge trucks come rattling down, and it requires all his activity to attend to the polite 'Make way, if you please, sir,' which attacks him on every side. When sufficiently acquainted with the place to find out an undisturbed spot for observation, he timidly glances out into the gloomy abyss which stretches away from the platform, and then his terrors will surely reach their climax. Great huge things like fiery dragons, prowl about—growing, blowing, panting, vomiting smoke and flame, and looking as if they had the will and the power to swallow up the train in which he is about to trust himself, passengers and all. Suddenly the bell rings, and our timid friend rushes to his carriage, thinking all the while of Mr. Huskisson's fate, and tumbles affrighted into a most commodious receptacle, where he finds, to his surprise, gentle young ladies composedly reading novels, and knowing ones of the rougher sex elaborately arranging their night-caps. He has selected the middle carriage for safety, and now, if possible, he secures the middle seat in that. If he has a fat fellow passenger on each side, and another in front, he feels somewhat reassured, and commences some ingenious mental calculations as to what extent his fat lateral friends may act as cushions should the train go off the rails, or in how far the elasticity of his portly *vis à vis* might constitute it an effectual 'buffer' for his head in the awful event of a collision. Another bell rings, and away they go at a pace which would leave the wild huntsman 'nowhere'; and our timid traveller clings to his seat as comfortable as if perched on a cask of gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth. But a man can sleep even on the night before he is hanged. Our friend slumbers off, lulled by the placid, contented snoring of one of his *compagnons de voyage*, when suddenly a wild unearthly scream breaks upon his

ear; he starts up, convulsively exclaiming, 'What's that?' and narrowly escapes a cut nose in his hurry to poke his head out of the window. The scream is repeated louder and shriller, and his fears throw off all restraint. He shakes the arm of one of the sleepers, wonders how he can sleep under such circumstances, and repeats his 'What's that?' in eager and fear-impressed accents. The sleeper—some old commercial traveller, who can sleep anywhere—slowly rubs his eyes, gazes mechanically at the questioner, takes his guide book out of his pocket, and having referred to it, mutters the cabalistic word 'Tring,' or 'Watford,' or 'Wolverton,' and composes himself again to sleep. If it be that last named place, our timid traveller has a gleam of comfort. He is allowed five minutes on *terra firma*, and quickly descending from his prison, he rushes into the refreshment room, where, to save time, the coffee is kept boiling hot for the accommodation of mail and express train visitors. He has had hardly time to scald his lips with the first mouthful, when another bell rings, and he runs away to look for his carriage. Of course he has not taken notice of the number, and therefore runs about in wild dismay, at every door he looks in seeing strange faces and unrecognisable greatcoats, and at last finds his own seat, just as the leviathan begins slowly to move away from the station. Then comes the dark tunnel with all its horrors. The merry rumble of the train in the open air is changed for a sullen subterranean roar; the timid traveller looks out, and sees close to his face a slimy brick wall, while his memory reverts to the catacombs of Paris, and the skeleton which was found sitting bolt upright in the main sewer of Fleet Street. He wonders how he should feel if the whole superincumbent mass of earth were suddenly to settle down upon him and his fellow passengers; and when he again emerges into upper air, he feels as if he had just escaped a most dreadful peril. His fellow travellers, who have by this time slept enough, brighten up, and beginning to find out their man, are most obliging in providing pabulum for his terrors. One describes a 'smash' in which he was himself nearly killed; while another innocently says that they are just then approaching a most dangerous curve or steep embankment. Thus the timid traveller is kept continually on the tenter hooks as he drives through tunnels, or flies over embankments or viaducts, until at last he arrives, sound in body, but much distracted in mind, at the place of his ultimate destination.

MISTAKEN NOTIONS.

This world is full of *mistaken notions*. You see a fellow strut into a coffee-room, with a look at every other person in it, as much as to imply—'What the deuce, I should like to know, do you mean by being here?' checks off what the waiter tells him he can have to eat, as if there could by no possibility be any thing worthy of his attention, and regards his mutton chop and potato, when it does come, as if well aware that the landlord and cook, between them, were now and then in the habit of poisoning people; roars for water, frowns at the cruet stand, sniffs at the cheese, sneers at the paper, and at last struts out again, laboring under the visible impression that he has convinced every body he is the best man that ever came into the house, and the finest gentleman that ever went out of it. We needn't say it is—

A MISTAKEN NOTION!

We find another pig-eyed, big-whiskered, over-dressed humbug, grinning and grimacing at every girl that has the misfortune to fall in the way of the object. And one blushes; ah! those tell-tale cheeks—love at first sight, no doubt. Another smiles, in evident approbation of the handsome man whose gaze she has attracted; while a third frowns, to conceal unquestionably the more kindly feelings she entertains towards him. And so our Narcissus in thought, if not in figure, meanders along, translating disgust into delight, smiles of contempt into congratulation, and absolute horror into well-dissembled affection. And, strange to say, it is not until he has ventured on the second word, that he discovers the first look was—

A MISTAKEN NOTION!

We once had the luck to witness a capital case of this description at a Michaelmas country-town fair, whither we went for the ostensible object of assisting 'a small gentleman' in buying a small horse—a matter, by the bye, which we remember he set about with as much importance and seriousness as if his intent was to purchase the copyhold of a country house or the copyright of a London paper. Well, in the midst of a most desperately deep investigation of a ragged, rough, and ready mountaineer, a general rush to one corner proclaimed a row of some sort—a badger or a pickpocket to be baited, a royal tiger got loose, or a cheap Jack got civil—something out of the common, evidently; and, despite the momentous nature of the business we were retained on, and the many miseries we had elsewhere experienced in the way of absent handkerchiefs, smashed toes, and dishevelled hats, off we went once more to see 'what's the matter?'

A fight, by all that's joyful!—or, at any rate, some very promising ingredients for one—the magnet of attraction being a great red-headed, red-faced bumpkin, more than half a fool naturally, and more than half drunk, certainly, pulling his white smock off his ungainly form, spluttering and swearing all the while in a most awful style, and surrounded, of course, by a loud-wailing sweetheart, a prophetic, much-irate mamma, and a faint-hearted, all-but-fainting-outright little sister. We say 'of course,' for never do we recollect seeing a Johnny Clod-pole give the first offer at getting out of his trappings for hostile deeds but, as sure as fate, a whole bevy of women—goodness only knows where they came from—would fling themselves on him. 'Now, don't ye; don't fight Aulfred. Look at poor dear Jane here. Don't ye now; never moind 'un; ain't it yer puir old mother as is axing of you? You shan't go to make murder loike this. A shame on a set of villains as would set you at it! Don't now; don't ye!' And (of course again) the more they pray him not, the more determined is Aulfred to 'have a cut at 'un,' and 'at 'un' he goes accordingly; now receiving a punch in the eye from t'other chap, then a hug from Jane, and then a scratch from 'fauld 'oman.' In the present instance, however, it had scarcely come to this: Aulfred was as ready and willing as, under the circumstances, with a decent allowance of beer and female supporters, could have been expected: but his opponent—an intelligent-looking fellow, something the cut of a gentleman's servant in want of a master—on the contrary, evinced a most decided desire not to make any set-to of it. 'No, no,' said he, 'it isn't worth while. After all, it was only a mistake of yours: and I didn't mean any offence in putting you right.'

'Dang the offence! Wasn't I a telling my mate here that this big box' (they were grouped at the back of Wombwell's collection) 'had got the famous fat pig in it, when thee bursts out a larling, and says, 'It ain't a pig box, but a helepant's?' And, s'pose it is, d'ye think I comes here to be set to rights by you? No; dang thee! strip out, and try it on!'

Notwithstanding the mingled applause and lamentations which followed this very open-hearted invitation, the stableman appeared as reluctant and as much on the backing-out system as ever. And yet it was odd, too; the

more one looked at him, the more you got prejudiced in his favor—his manner, his look, his very eye—though there was some indescribable passion going on in him, it certainly did seem exactly like being afraid: all gave one the idea that he might make a good stand-up of it if he would only 'try it on,' as his fat friend said. Though more than ordinarily pale for men of his class, and evidently hardish-up, there was none of the cockney country-dealer's man about him, or the gin-drinking tout of a canvas-covered 'good stabling'—something rather of the true groom, who might have followed a nobleman up Halkin-street, or have gone on to a meet of the Heythrop or Pytchley. Well, at last, what with the suggestions of 'young measter,' the cries of the women, and the egging on of his mate, Rufus became unbearable, rushing up and down, shaking his fist in the other's face, and calling him all the complimentary names a rather extensive knowledge in that line enabled him to employ his tongue on. At last he got so far as to send in a tolerably straight 'back-hander' (as we say at hazard) on the face of his unresisting opponent, and a perfect yell ran through the assembly, which might have been interpreted in this wise—'Faugh! that fellow has got no pluck at all.' For a moment more the disciple of peace hesitated, and then (his eye was a fine study then) off came his long stable-jacket, and, amidst a louder yell still, in he went at his man; that second yell proclaimed the first—

A MISTAKEN NOTION!

He didn't want *pluck*, he wanted a *shirt*; and, in ten minutes from that discovery, Rufus, somewhat sobered and saddened, yielded to the solicitations of his betrothed, put on his smock again, and walked off with some alarming symptoms, the principal of which were an amazing soreness about the ribs and shoulders, together with a dizziness and swelling of the eyes, which promised in a few hours to end with a temporary loss of sight, as an agreeable *sequitur* to the loss of blood he had already experienced.

The gentler reader will draw his own moral from this. He will not henceforth consider the quiet, inoffensive man whom circumstances, regard for the opinion of others, station, connections, stay from thrashing a bullying blackguard, in the rank of cowards. Far from it; for he knows now, as maybe he did before, it is altogether—

A MISTAKEN NOTION.

Latest Intelligence.

The packet ship *Northumberland*, Capt. Griswold, arrived on Wednesday afternoon from London and Portsmouth. She sailed from the latter port on the 9th ult.

The news received by her is of a highly interesting character. The most important piece of intelligence to this country, is the following announcement in the London *Times* of the 7th ult.:

'The market for English securities was depressed this (yesterday) afternoon. In the morning an appearance of weakness became evident, but it was more severe towards the close of business, a rumour then being current that a message from the Queen would be received by the House of Commons to-night on the subject of America. Consols fell on the whole about one half per cent, the last quotation being for money 95½ to 1, and for the account, 95½ to 1. After the regular hours of business, bargains were even concluded at lower prices than those already quoted. Bank Stock left off 208½ to 209½; Three per Cents, reduced, 97½ to 96; Three and a Quarter per Cents 97½ to 1; Long Annuities 10 11-16; Indian Bonds 40s. to 42s. pm.; South Sea New Annuities 94½, and Exchequer Bills 32s. to 35s. pm.'

The next in importance is the news from India of the probability of another terrible battle with the Sikhs.

The military *dépôts* throughout England were very active. It is said that large reinforcements are immediately to be sent to India.

There appears to be no later intelligence of the insurrectionary movements in Poland. On the subject of the insurrection the private letters of the *London Times* say, 'without going so far as to anticipate that it will be successful, you may depend upon its being fierce and sanguinary.'

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—House of Commons, Friday, March 6.—On the House resolving itself into a committee on the resolutions on the Corn and Customs Importation Bill, Sir R. Peel proposed to except buckwheat, maize, and rice from the general measure, with a view of making these articles at once duty free, before the other parts of the bill became law.

Mr. Miles objected, but the House at length agreed to Sir R. Peel's resolution, which was read, *pro forma*, with an understanding that the debate thereon should be taken on Monday. The Committee went through the remaining resolutions, which were ordered to be reported on Monday, and the House adjourned.

FIRST DEFEAT OF THE MINISTRY.—On the 5th, the government was left in a minority in the Commons. Ministers resisted a motion for inquiry into the circumstances under which the Poor Law Commissioners had called on Mr. Parker to resign his office as an Assistant Commissioner, after the inquiry that he conducted into certain abuses in the Andover Union workhouse. On this point the Cabinet were out-voted by a majority of 23.

TOTAL LOSS OF THE GREAT LIVERPOOL, ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP.—We regret to state that the Great Liverpool steamship, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company, was totally lost off Cape Finisterre, on the morning of the 24th ultimo, by getting on the rocks during a fog. Only three passengers are lost, viz., a Mrs. Harris, Miss Archer, and a native servant. The mails are saved, although in a damaged state. The crew, and 21 of the passengers are at Corunna. The vessel is high on the rocks, and will, it is feared, become a total wreck. The Spaniards robbed the passengers and crew as fast as they came ashore, and the vessel also, as much as they could, before she broke up. The ladies saved complain of robbery also on the part of the crew. This accident could only have arisen from over confidence and a want of look out; she ought to have been at least 60 miles to the westward of the spot.

POLAND.—The accounts from Warsaw continue to be of a deplorable character. The failure of the last harvest is now found to have been greater than was at first believed, and fodder is as scarce as human food. The distress in the Agustowo government, is become so great, that the administration of Warsaw has seen fit to prohibit the exportation of rye, barley, flour, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, hay, and straw, to Prussia, Cracow, and the Austrian States; but, on the contrary, to admit provisions free of all duty from those countries. In addition to other causes of dearth and scarcity, the warlike state of Warsaw is described as increasing the evil. Almost daily divisions of troops, arriving from the interior of Russia, make new demands on the small stores laid up in the magazines. Whether these military movements are called forth solely by the state of affairs in Posen may be doubted: reports are at all events very current of insurrectionary movements, with which Russia is nearer con-

cerned, and Kiojawn and Lithuania are named as two of the districts in which the populace has actually risen against the government authorities.

TROUBLES IN POLAND.—The *Allgemein Zeitung* contains some important news relative to the troubles in Poland. It appears from the above gazette of the 25th February, that General Von Collin, who had occupied Cracow with his troops, found himself, with the amount of forces under his command, too weak to maintain himself against the "rebels," on which account he had retreated from the city, leaving it in the power of the insurgents. According to all accounts, the insurrection had extended from Cracow, and spread widely through all the adjoining provinces. It has been reported that the Austrian troops had been obliged to retreat before them. What will be the end of this can hardly be doubted.

According to letters received from Paris, it appears that the health of Rosini is so enfeebled that but little hope is left of his recovery.

Siberia is said to yield such an immense quantity of gold dust, that it is expected this great increase of the precious metal will sooner or later produce as great a change and revolution in Europe, as the discovery of the gold mines of Peru, in their day, effected. Within the last fourteen years, the yield of gold from Siberia has increased in the ratio of 1 to 200. Eleven thousand individuals are daily employed in gold washing, and three times as many might, and perhaps will, be set to work. In fact, the want of workmen to gather up the gold from the rich stream, is the only hindrance to a perfect inundation of this precious metal upon the European market.

[From the London Times, March 6.]

The public will not forget that from the 4th of December, upon which day we announced the determination of Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues to repeal the corn laws, until the meeting of Parliament, when the truth could no longer be concealed, we were twice a day assailed with whole columns of the grossest abuse by the Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris of the press.—that, not only was our announcement stigmatised as an "infamous fabrication," but that the conductors of this journal were accused of having wilfully set abroad a falsehood for the purpose of profiting by alleged operations in the stock, share and corn markets. We have hitherto left these decrepit scolds unnoticed, the events of the last month have been a sufficient refutation of their calumnies; but a confession is so rare among those convicted of falsehood, that we cannot refrain from giving the cronies who have shown symptoms of repentance, the benefit of the following extract from an article which she published last evening:—

"On the evening preceding that announcement of *The Times*, which we contradicted by authority, (being instructed unconsciously on our part) to 'tell a lie in the words of truth,' an insult and an injury which we must ever remember, on the evening of the 3rd of December letters were, we know, despatched to public men of influence in the United States, by officers of the government making announcements similar to that made by *The Times* of the 4th. We have, indeed, now little doubt that the article of *The Times* proceeded directly from the Treasury, and that the false part of it, the alleged decision of the cabinet, was thrown in with a view to American use."

LONDON, March 5.—At present, both the statesmen and the journalists of the United States take credit for their moderation, in being prepared for a compromise on the basis of the 49th parallel; and so definite a form has the matter taken, that on the 2d ult. the following resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Dargan:

"That the lines separating the British provinces of Canada from the United States should be extended due West to the coast South of Fraser's River, and thence throughout the centre Straits of Fuca to the Pacific Ocean, giving to the United States that portion of the territory South, and to the Government of Great Britain that portion of the territory North of said line."

Upon no such grounds can any compromise be effected. The concession that it involves would give up the whole of Admiralty Inlet, with the excellent harbor of Puget's Sound, Bullfinch Harbor, the forts Kootanie, Okanagan, Nasqually, and Vancouver, and the whole navigation of the Columbia, over and above a vast geographical area of territory, it would also divide the Straits of Juan de Fuca, which are, for all practical purposes, inland waters, between the two nations. With the mouth of Fraser's River as the only outlet, the remnant left to England would be an extensive but unprofitable hunting-ground.

We have already stated our opinion, that if the notice be adopted by the Senate, there is but a faint prospect of an amicable settlement of the Oregon question.—*Chronicle*.

LONDON, March 8.—The news last received from the United States is of a menacing aspect, and is anything but creditable to the character of our transatlantic brethren, who seem—at least those of them who just now form the majority of the Legislature—determined, regardless of all moral and national considerations, to push the forbearance of Great Britain to extremities, and even to plunge the two countries into all the frightful consequences of a war, rather than take the chances of foregoing a comparatively insignificant acquisition of territory, by submitting their claims to it to the decision of some competent and impartial tribunal. If we were to judge of the general tone of feeling on this question throughout the States, by that exhibited in the two houses of the Legislature, melancholy indeed would be the prospect before us.

Menacing as present appearances are, however, we have still a hope that the good sense and good feeling of the more sober minded of the nation—and they are not few, nor are they idle at this perilous crisis—will prevail for peace. Our own government has exhibited a degree of forbearance which is exposing them to the sneers of the thoughtless and the designing, who charge them with exhibiting, not only the white flag, but the white feather, but which entitles them to the gratitude of all who have the best interests of their country and their kind at heart. The consequences of a war between the two countries would be sufficiently disastrous to both of them, but America has even more interest in avoiding war than we have.

INDIA.

An extraordinary despatch from Marseilles, in anticipation of the Bombay mail of the 3d of February, has reached us. It brings important news from the theatre of war on the banks of the Sutlej. The British army of about 43,000 men, is thus described in the *Delhi Gazette* of the 23d of January:—"11 troops of horse artillery, say 1000 men; 8 companies of foot artillery, about 600; 7 companies of sappers and miners, 800; 3 regiments of European cavalry, at 450, 1,350; 7 regiments of native light cavalry, at 400, 2,800; 5 regiments of irregular cavalry, at 700, 3,500; 9 regiments of European infantry, at 750, 6,750; 26 regiments of native infantry, at 800, 20,800; 2 regiments of local infantry, at 800, 1,600—forming a total of about 39,800 men. Besides which the following corps are on their way; The 4th regiment of Bengal infantry, from Scinde; the 7th regiment of Bengal infantry, from Delhi; the 67th regiment of Bengal infantry, from Bundelkund; and the Kumaon

local battalion; as, also, Captain Smith's light field battery, from Scinde; which, when they have joined the force, will make 'the army of the Sutlej' consist of 42,480 men, with 140 pieces of ordnance of all sizes. There are also 21 mortars of various sizes under despatch from Delhi to day."

This army is formed into five divisions of infantry and four brigades of cavalry, with a large brigade staff. The cavalry is commanded by Major General Sir J. Thackwell, and the infantry divisions by Major Generals Sir H. G. Smith, W. R. Gilbert, Sir R. H. Dick, Sir J. H. Littler, and Sir J. Grey.

From the 22d of December, when the victory was won by the British at Ferozeshah, up to the middle of January, both parties appeared to be preparing for the approaching struggle on the right bank of the Sutlej. The Governor General remained at Ferozeshah, engaged in raising the bridge of boats, and in making preparations for the crossing of the river by the British army. The boats, which had been sunk, were found to be somewhat injured, and time was required for their repair. The crossing of the river was expected about the 4th or 6th of February, when the heavy guns which had left Delhi on the 10th of January were expected to have reached the camp.

Sir J. Littler's division was stationed at Attaree, about seven miles from Ferozeshah; the head quarters of the Commander in Chief were at Aruskee, 12 miles thence; and Sir Harry Smith's force was in advance of the others, not far from Hurreeke Putton, which is one of the great fords of the Sutlej.

In the mean time the Lahore Government was making every effort to reorganize its army. Several attempts had been made in different places to cross the river. A strong force was collected at Phulloor, opposite to Loodianah. This force was independent of the grand Sikh army stationed on the way from Hurreeke ghat to Lahore and its neighborhood, with the object of protecting the capital.

Some skirmishing took place near the Sikh bridge of boats on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of January, without any remarkable effect. On the 15th the Sikhs came over the river at Phulloor, plundered the neighborhood, and pitched a camp on the left bank, in the British territory. On the following day they made some further advances, and entrenched themselves near a nulla; Sir H. Smith moved his brigade up the Sutlej, driving the enemy before him until the 21st, in the morning, when he came upon one of the fortified positions of the enemy, which fired grape shot amongst the British troops. Some of the native troops are said to have thrown down their arms, and to have fled, leaving the Europeans to bear the brunt of the battle. Her Majesty's 53d and 31st were engaged, and are said to have suffered severely, but they demanded to be led anew to the fight, which Sir H. Smith did not deem it prudent to do, and therefore withdrew the troops. The *Agra Ukhbar* construes the retirement into a defeat; while the *Delhi Gazette* states, that heavy firing was heard in the direction of Lodianah during the whole of the afternoon of that day. Nothing positive appears to have been known as to the results of that day when the mails were leaving Bombay.

The preparations of the Governor General at Ferozeshah appear to be of an efficient kind, and it was supposed that the British army would move over the Sutlej, and before the hot weather set in, in April, take possession of Lahore, the Sikh capital, which is not 50 miles from the Sutlej. There is said to be considerable disunion among the Sikh chiefs, many of whom have made propositions to the British authorities, declaring their willingness to join the British standard as soon as it appeared on the right bank of that river. It was supposed that the Sikh troops would try another battle before they would allow their capital to be taken.

The gallant conqueror of Scinde, Sir Charles Napier, was again in the field, and, at the head of about 15,000 Bombay and 5,000 Bengal troops, was expected to cause a powerful diversion, by proceeding to attack and to conquer Moultan, and the southern provinces of the Sikh dominions. The very name of Sir Charles Napier infuses dread among the native inhabitants of the banks of the Indus and of the five rivers of the Punjab; he is called by them *Sheitanka bhace*, "the Devil's brother." His troops expected to be in movement towards the enemy's frontiers on the 16th of February.

The latest intelligence from the Bombay troops in this expedition describes them as in the highest spirits, for they look forward to victory for themselves, and even to a coronet for their experienced leader.

It is undeniable that the Sikhs are a brave enemy, whom the discipline they have learned from European officers renders far more formidable than the other inhabitants of India. The necessity of the most strenuous efforts to subdue the troops and the fanatics of Lahore is evident. Their emissaries have attempted to tamper with the Bengal sepoys, but, as yet, they have gained nothing. The British troops have abundant supplies of all kinds, and it now remains to be known if anything of a decided nature will occur before the hot season.

The late attempts to produce sedition among the troops and inhabitants of Dinapore, Pama, &c., have failed, and the ringleaders have been seized and punished.

The utmost tranquillity prevails in the interior of India.

The *Bombay Times* adds the following particulars to these details which we have already received, in a more authentic form from the official despatches:

"For nearly a week after these terrible encounters the Sikhs continued on our side the river; nor do we appear to have considered ourselves in a condition to follow up our victory or drive them across. About the 27th they seem to have retired in safety within their own dominions, and to have encamped on the other side, leisurely and unmolested, within sight of our pickets. The different divisions of our army, now rapidly increasing in numbers and in strength, were encamped near to, and in close communication with each other. General Littler and his division were posted at Attaree, seven miles from Ferozeshah; the head quarters of the commander in chief some six miles higher up the river; and the Umballah force four miles beyond this, or 17 from Ferozeshah. The Governor General has, since the action, continued at the place just named, and which may be considered the point of advance, maturing his plans and hastening on preparations. The enemy meanwhile were permitted to complete a pontoon bridge without interruption, in hopes that they might be induced again to cross over to our side; the heavy ordnance sent from Umballah being so posted at the same time as to command the passage. A foray had been made across the river by about 200 of the enemy on the 14th, with a view, apparently, to plunder, and of course the robbers were speedily driven back! The enemy at the same time continue to muster in formidable force; and 70,000 men, with 110 pieces of ordnance, are said to be assembled ready to oppose us. The bridge they have established is one of much solidity, well placed, and protected by heavy ordnance. Frequent demonstrations had been made on Loodianah, where the force was considered weakest. About 20,000 had crossed over by the 18th; and they had on the 19th settled themselves, and proceeded to entrench in our neighborhood.

"We have kept our columns open to the latest moment (12 o'clock) safety

warranted, in hopes of learning particulars of the general action, believed to have occurred about the 21st. It is said that General Sir H. Smith moved his division up the Sutlej on the 19th and 20th, encountering but little opposition; that coming in sight of the Sikh camp about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, he prepared for action, being shortly afterwards joined by the Loodianah force. No particulars have reached us; the battle is supposed to have been a severe one, a heavy cannonade having been heard at Simla and Loodianah, as we believe, also at Ferozepore, till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It is probable that the steamer may be detained till the Governor-General's express brings tidings to the presidency; so that the home reader may, shortly after the arrival of this, know more than we do at present of the matter. Since last night mails of the 24th have arrived from Calcutta, of the 25th from Delhi, and the 26th from Madras. They bring us no news of any importance, and we infer, therefore, that no further particulars had transpired of the alleged action on the 21st. The communication along the disturbed districts is at present irregular and much interrupted.

"The services of the force under Sir Charles Napier, whose co-operation seems to form a portion of the Governor-General's plan, will hardly be available before the 1st of March, and considering how soon after this the fierce and tremendous heats set in, it appears more than doubtful whether a regular campaign beyond the Sutlej will this season be entered on. It must be remembered that the country proposed to be invaded, if intended to be annexed to the British dominions, must be throughout completely subjugated; that it comprises an area of 25,000 square miles, traversed by vast rivers and mountain ranges reaching the greatest altitudes known to man; that it contains a fierce and untamed population of nearly 5,000,000 human beings. Nor must it be forgotten that not one-fourth of the magnificent artillery of Runjeet Singh has been captured or disabled; that two-thirds of his army remain undamaged and entire. It seems not improbable that this season Lahore may be occupied and garrisoned, the communications with Ferozepore—the post where our troops and magazines must be collected—being kept up; and that thus will their own capital become the centre and emanating point of next year's operations. The war advocates at home have for years past talked of the conquest of the Punjab as at once easy and desirable—the destruction of the Sikh empire the task of a few months. The exploit has been forced on us, and we must perform it as best we may; we doubt not but in the end we shall do so triumphantly; but we must add 30,000 men to our army, £10,000,000 to our debt; and this, with an income not able of late to meet our expenditure by nearly £2,000,000 a year."

From the Bengal Hurkaru.

It now comes out that we are indebted to Captain Lumley, the Assistant Adjutant General, for our deficiency at Ferozeshah, in cavalry and artillery, that officer having taken upon himself to order the cavalry and artillery engaged at Moodkee back to Ferozepore. As may be supposed Captain Lumley was, immediately on this being known, superseded in his appointment, and a court martial ordered to be held on him. A medical certificate has, it is said, been subsequently produced, declaring that Captain Lumley was in an unsound state of mind when he issued the order. We confess we do not understand this; the limiting the period of insanity to the time that he issued the order does not look well certainly; and yet, perhaps, it may be a solemn truth after all, so we feel ourselves bound to withhold our judgment. Be the case as it may, the order has resulted in the most fearful consequences to our brave troops, and we sincerely hope that this will be the very last time that our troops are made to pay the price of blood owing to the caprice of a man in an unsound state of mind. We have not the least doubt that this matter will be thoroughly sifted; and we cannot leave the inquiry in better hands than those of Sir Henry Hardinge. Nothing of consequence has been done on either side since the retreat of the Sikhs across the Sutlej. The Sikhs have, it is said, on their own side of the river, a force of between 70,000 and 80,000 men, while our forces on the left bank will not fall far short of 40,000 men; add to this ten thousand under the command of Sir C. Napier, who will soon be ready to penetrate the Punjab on the south, and we shall take the field with a force sufficient to overrun all India—we might say all Asia. We have not much further addition to our news from the frontier. The guns from Delhi, twelve 24 pounders, with a number of mortars, drawn by elephants, would start on the 10th inst. The Sikh villagers state that the Khalsa army continue to talk very big of building a bridge of boats, to again cross the Sutlej about 20 miles below Ferozepore. We fear this is too good news to be true. Having been on this side once, it was a pity they did not stop, rather than take the trouble to recross, in order to cross again. The rumors respecting Loodianah are without confirmation, and most probably, mere moonshine.

From the Portsmouth (Eng.) Telegraph, March 7.

We do not expect any very solid results from the victories of Moodkee and Ferozeshah, which were severe checks, but which did not terminate in any disastrous or complete route of the foe. We must own, however, that we expected their effects upon the spirit and constancy of the Sikhs to have been more sensible, and to have at least spared us any alarm and anxiety for our own troops and forts within our territory. But even in this humble expectation we find ourselves disappointed. By the tidings which the Indian mail has just brought, we learn that the Sikhs are as strong as ever, with an army of upwards of 60,000 men, not merely on the left bank of the Sutlej, but possessing and keeping up a bridge, before the entrance to which on our side of the river they have thrown up a fortification, or, as the French call it, a *tête de pont*. This, as well as their hardihood, corroborates the general rumor, that there are European officers, as well as artillerymen among them.

In addition to the army opposite to Ferozepore, and menacing it as well as Sir Henry Hardinge's scanty force, another Sikh army or division, estimated at upwards of 45,000, and a formidable force of artillery, had boldly crossed the river within sight of Loodianah, and encamped. The latest rumor at Bombay had since reported that Sir H. Smith had moved up the Sutlej on the 19th and 20th; and on the 21st had attacked the encampment in an action which began at eight in the morning, and had not terminated at half past three o'clock in the afternoon.

This daring return on the part of the Sikhs, this determination to fight us on our own grounds, or on the verge of theirs, instead of carrying on a defensive war in their own country, provided as it is with strong forts, and intersected as it is by formidable rivers—while an invasion would be so much impeded by all that is necessary for an advance into an enemy's country—this forwardness of theirs must tell greatly to our favour; and, though it makes the commencement of the war peculiarly severe and sanguinary, must facilitate the final operations of conquest.

We are, however, lamentably enprovided. We labor under a paucity of troops, officers and guns, which must have greatly added to the hardihood of the enemy. The fact is, that, considering the Sikhs to be the least formida-

ble foe in India, it was not judged necessary or economical to prepare or keep in readiness the fitting means to resist them. Well aware of their numerous and heavy artillery, the Indian government took no pains to cope with them, but left them to be stormed and carried by the British bayonet. And as with artillery, so with cavalry and infantry; our commanders have to undertake the subjugation of the Sikhs with a force every way inadequate.

However, we have mustered, or can muster, 50,000 men upon the Sutlej. There are fords and bridges in abundance to enable us to pass, without attacking the Sikh *tête de pont*. On the left bank their army must fight, whilst from the Sutlej to Lahore, and to the important portals of Umritsir, is not more than fifty or sixty miles. So that to achieve the important conquest of the capital and chief stronghold of the Sikhs, it will not be necessary to march to any great distance from our own frontier or from the line of operations. The Indian papers report that Sir Henry Hardinge intends deferring, till the end of the cold season, his advance into the Sikh country. It is not likely that any one should be in the confidence of the Governor-General's intentions in this respect. But he probably will not advance, till aware that Sir Charles Napier has advanced also; nor can he delay to cross the Sutlej as soon as Sir Charles Napier has marched from the frontier of Scinde.

On their part the Sikhs seem well aware that nothing short of their ruin and dispossession will satisfy the victors. The silence of the Governor-General with respect to them is ominous. And even those chiefs, such as Goolab Singh, who might have held aloof and made his peace, seem now to rally to the military defence of the common country. We do not see that Sir Henry follows even that common practice of Indian war, employing the political exiles of the country which he invades. Thus Lena Singh, who had taken refuge within the British frontier, instead of being trusted or employed, has been arrested as the accomplice of the country's intriguers. If we have thus fewer friends, we shall at least escape the usual accusation of treachery and ingratitude.

But the Sikhs, like the Mahrattas, are not to be conquered in a day. Governingur will require as severe a siege as Umritsir, and both, as the capital, are well provided with artillery. Had the Sikhs a leader worthy of their courage and fanaticism, their subjugation might prove a doubtful affair. But there is evidently no master spirit among them. Goolab, though a wily chief, possesses neither courage nor military talent. And he is clever compared with any one of the vizierial family who survives.

The news by the present mail will probably render our contemporaries less able to discuss what had best be done with the Punjab. Anxiety and effort must first be directed to achieve the conquest. Twelve or eighteen months may elapse ere that be consummated; and the interval will allow ample time for discussion and consideration.

INCREASE OF THE ARMY.—The following augmentation to certain corps of cavalry and infantry have been sanctioned by her Majesty's Government, and officers in command of the regiments and depots concerned have been requested, by a circular from the Horse Guards, to use their utmost exertions in raising men to complete their corps respectively to the proposed strength. The men so raised are to be born as supernumeraries until the 1st April next, from which date the increased establishments will be authorised by the War office. 1. Four men per troop to be added to the following seventeen regiments of cavalry, viz., 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Dragoon Guards; 1st, 2d, and 6th Dragoons; and the 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, and 17th Light Dragoons.—2. An augmentation of 400 rank and file to eight regiments of infantry at home, hereafter to be specially named.—3. An increase of 200 rank and file to the following 27 regiments of infantry, the service companies of which are now serving abroad; viz., 1st battalion Royals, 7th, 14th 15th, 16th, 19th, 33d, 34th, 35th, 38th, 46th, 48th, 52d, 54th, 60th (2d battalion), 66th, 72d, 73d, 77th, 79th, 81st, 82d, 88th, 89th, 93d, and 95th Regiments, and first battalion Rifle Brigade.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Mr. Slidell has been refused reception as Minister, and has demanded his passports—Mutiny of the Mexican troops under Gen. Ampudia.

The U. S. brig of war Somers, commander Ingraham, arrived at Pensacola on the 20th ult., in eight and a half days from Vera Cruz, bringing the important intelligence which follows, as furnished by an officer on board that vessel.

On the 16th Mr. Dimond was informed by a letter from Mr. Parrot of the Legation, that Mr. Slidell had demanded his passports, having been refused reception as Minister, although the Mexican Cabinet expressed a perfect willingness to treat with a Commissioner on the Texas question. He also wrote that Mr. Slidell would be in Vera Cruz in the course of a week, and would immediately take passage therefrom for the U. S. The St. Mary's was in readiness for his accommodation when we left.

On the 18th Com. Conner received a letter from Mr. Black, our Consul in Mexico. He appeared to be somewhat exhilarated by the cheering intelligence brought from England by the Cambria, which he had just received. He writes that if this news had arrived sooner, Mr. Slidell would have been received, and throws out a suggestion that our mission may be accepted at the latest moment. Although Mr. Black's location should give him many advantages for forming accurate opinions, I do not think we have much reason for hoping that his hopes will be realized, although almost anything may be expected from the unstable councils of Mexico. Mr. Slidell has certainly demanded his passports at a fortunate moment, when the news from England and the state of the country, and more especially the fears of our squadron, are conspiring to act on the irresolution of Mexico. The people of Vera Cruz are awfully frightened, and are, as will be seen by the newspapers, moving out of the city. The Mexican navy has been taken in tow of the steamers, to a place of absolute safety, far up one of the neighbouring rivers. The people of Vera Cruz wish to see the question between us settled, and having never been very warmly attached to the revolutionary government, threaten a pronunciamento unless their wishes are regarded. Upon the whole, I have never seen the sentiment of the people so favourable to us as at present. The discussion of this monarchical question has, I am persuaded, done much for us. Nine-tenths of the people of Mexico are ardent Republicans: it is only a few of the high class and aristocracy who support the views of the royal party. There is an interesting article on this subject in the last papers.

The British Minister, writing to the English Commander on the station, says that he cannot persuade these people that England will not co-operate with them against the United States—they have the greatest confidence that England is going to interfere to prevent their being bullied by us, but he has unequivocally intimated that their hopes would not be realized.

In the last papers will be found a notice of the flagrant attack by Gen. Par-

edges on the freedom of the Press and the persons of the editors and printers. This is a dangerous proceeding on the part of the President, and must arouse strong resentment and a fearful opposition.

A large part of the troops under Gen. Ampudia have mutinied.

We have received reports from Jalapa that the Northern Provinces are about to secede from the confederacy.

It will be recollected that according to our last advices, Gen. Ampudia was stated to be concentrating his troops for the purpose of attacking the American forces on the East side of the Rio Grande. According to the present accounts, a large part of these Mexican troops have mutinied.

Pensacola, March 30, 1846.

There was another revolution anticipated to take place in a very few days General Ampudia's army, which had been ordered to the frontier of Texas had revolted, and about 1000 refused to march any further in that direction, and the remainder, about 2000, not being very desirous to proceed themselves, would not force the others, so they came to a halt.

The frigate Raritan will sail from this place destined for Vera Cruz, to-morrow or the next day. The Somers, it is said, will sail for St. Domingo in a few days with despatches, the nature of which I am at a loss to conjecture.

LIFE IN BORNEO.

From Captain Keppel's "Borneo," &c.

Here is a touching, simply-told tale, to illustrate the native habits and customs:—

"Among the characters with whom Mr. Brooke got acquainted during the rebel war was a young chief named Si Tundo, who was constantly by his side whenever there was danger. He was an Illanun, and had been sent from Sadung, with some thirteen of his countrymen, by Seriff Sahib, to offer his services to Macota, commander-in-chief of the rajah's forces; and I resume Mr. Brooke's memoranda with the following interesting account of this poor fellow's fate:—'On my arrival at Sarawak we were received with the usual honours; and the first thing I heard was the decease of my poor companion, Si Tundo, of Magindano, who had been put to death by the rajah's orders. The course of justice, or rather injustice, or perhaps, more justly, a mixture of both, is so characteristic of the people, that I am tempted to give the particulars. Si Tundo fell in love with a woman belonging to an adopted son of Macota, and the passion being mutual, the lady eloped from her master and went to her lover's house. This being discovered in a short time, he was ordered to surrender her to Macota, which he reluctantly did, on an understanding that he was to be allowed to marry her on giving a proper dowry. Either not being able to procure the money, or the terms not being kept, Si Tundo and a relation (who had left the pirate fleet and resided with him) mounted to Macota's hill, and threatened to take the woman and burn the house. The village, however, being roused, they were unable to effect their purpose, and retired to their own residence. Here they remained for some days in a state of incessant watchfulness, and when they moved, they each carried their kempilan, and wore the krisses ready to the hand. The Rajah Muda Hassim, being well aware of the state of things, sent at this crisis to order Si Tundo and his friend to his presence; which order they obeyed forthwith, and entered the balei, or audience-hall, which was full of their enemies. According to Muda Hassim's account, he was anxious to save Si Tundo's life, and offered him another wife; but his affections being fixed on the girl of his own choice, he rejected the offer, only praying that he might have the woman he loved.

"On entering the presence of the rajah, surrounded by foes, and dreading treachery (which most probably was intended,) these unfortunate men added to their previous fault by one which, however slight in European estimation, is here of an aggravated nature—they entered the presence with their kempilans in their hands, and their sarongs clear of the kris-handle; and instead of seating themselves cross legged, they only squatted on their hams ready for self-defence. From that hour their doom was resolved on; the crime of disrespect was deemed worthy of death, though their previous crime of abduction and violence might have obtained pardon. It was no easy matter, however, among an abject and timid population to find executioners of the sentence against two brave and warlike men, well armed and watchful, and whom all knew would sell their lives dearly; and the subsequent proceeding is, as already observed, curiously characteristic of the people, and the deep disguise they can assume to attain their purposes. It was intimated to Si Tundo, that if he could raise a certain sum of money, the woman should be made over to him; and to render this the more probable, the affair was taken out of Macota's hands, and placed at the decision of the Orang Kaya de Gadong, who was friendly to the offenders, but who received his private orders how to act. Four men were appointed to watch their opportunity, in order to seize the culprits. It is not to be imagined, however, that a native would trust or believe the friendly assurances held out to him; nor was it so in the case of Si Tundo and his companion; they attended at the Orang Kaya de Gadong's house frequently for weeks, with the same precaution, and it was found impossible to overpower them; but the deceit of their enemies was equal to the occasion, and delay brought no change of purpose. They were to die, and opportunity alone was wanting to carry the sentence into effect. Time passed over, suspicion was lulled; and as suspicion was lulled, the profession to serve them became more frequent.

"Poor Si Tundo brought all his little property to make good the price required for the woman, and his friend added his share; but it was still far short of the required amount. Hopes, however, were still held out; the Orang Kaya advanced a small sum to assist, and other pretended friends slowly and reluctantly, at his request, lent a little money. The negotiation was nearly complete; forty or fifty reals only were wanting, and the opposite party were ready to deliver the lady whenever the sum was made good. A final conference was appointed for the conclusion of the bargain at the Orang Kaya's, at which numbers were present; and the devoted victims, lulled into fatal security, had ceased to bring their formidable kempilans. At the last interview, the forty reals being still deficient, the Orang Kaya proposed receiving their gold-mounted krisses in pledge for the amount. The krisses were given up, and the bargain was complete, when the four executioners threw themselves on the unarmed men, and, assisted by others, overpowered and secured them. Si Tundo, wounded in the scuffle and bound, surrounded by enemies flourishing their krisses, remarked, 'You have taken me by treachery; openly you could not have seized me.' He spoke no more. They triumphed over and insulted him, as though some great feat had been achieved; and every kris was plunged into his body, which was afterwards cast, without burial, into the river. Si Tundo's relation was spared on pleading for mercy; and after his whole property, even his clothes, was confiscated, he was allowed to retire to Sadung. Thus perished poor Si Tundo, a Magindano pirate, with many, if not all, the

vices of the native character; but with boldness, courage, and constancy, which retrieved his faults, and raised him in the estimation of brave men. In person he was tall, elegantly made, with small and handsome features, and quiet and graceful manners; but towards the Malays, even of rank, there was a suppressed contempt which they often felt, but could not well resent. Alas, my gallant comrade! I mourn your death, and could have better spared a better man; for as long as you lived, I had one faithful follower of tried courage amongst the natives."

The poor Bornean lover! How different the mode of his crosses and ruin from those often equally efficacious in more civilised lands! Then here is an exhibition of the pirates:—

"Besides the Illanuns, there are two other descriptions of pirates infesting these seas; one, the Dyaks of Sakarran and Sarebus, two predatory tribes already mentioned; the other called Balagnini, a wild people represented to come from the northward of Soulo. I have not seen them; but their boats are said to be very long and swift, with sometimes outriggers; and one particular in their mode of attack is too curious to omit. In closing on their victims they use long poles, having a hook made fast at the extremity, with which, being expert, they hook their opponents at a distance and drag them overboard, whilst others are fighting with saligs and spears. I have mentioned the arrival of one hundred Dyak boats at Sarawak, to request permission from the rajah to ascend the river and attack a tribe towards Sambas. What a tale of misgovernment, tyranny, and weakness, does this request tell! These Dyaks were chiefly from Sakarran, mixed with the Sarebus, and with them three boats of the Malo tribe, whose residence is towards the Pontiana river. The Sakarrans are the most powerful, the most predatory, and the most independent tribe on the N. W. coast, their dependence on the Borneo being merely nominal. The latter are likewise predatory and numerous, but they are on good terms with all the coast tribes and with the Malays, whilst the Sarebus are against all, and all are against them. Speaking generally, they are a remarkably fine body of people, handsome, intelligent, powerful, well-made, beautifully limbed, and clear-skinned. They are somewhat fairer than the Malays and the mountain Dyaks; but in manners, customs, and language, exactly resemble the Sibnowans, except that the last, from misfortune, have become a peaceful tribe. The Sarebus and Sakarrans are only distinguishable by the numerous rings they wear in their ears. On one man I counted fourteen of brass, various sizes, in one ear only. They are rather fond of ornament, and wear grotesque caps of various coloured cloths (particularly red), some of them square, others peaked, and others like a cocked-hat worn athwart-ships, and terminating in sharp points on the top of the head. These head-dresses are ornamented with tufts of red hair or black human hair, shreds of cloth, and sometimes feathers; but what renders them laughable to look at is, that the hair is cut close to match the shape of the cap; so when a man displaces them, you find him bare of hair about the forehead and posterior part of the skull, cut into points over the ears, and the rest of the skull shewing a good crop of black bristles.

"The commanders of this party were yclept poetically by their own people, as *nommes de guerre*, the Sun and Moon, i. e. *Bulan* for moon, and *Matari* for sun. The Sun was as fine a young man as the eye would wish to rest upon; straight, elegantly yet strongly made, with a chest and neck, and head set on them, which might serve Apollo; legs far better than his of Belvidere; and a countenance mild and intelligent. I became very good friends with both Sun and Moon, and gave them a great deal of good advice about piracy, which, of course, was thrown away. Their boats are built very long, raised at the stern, and the largest pulling as many as sixty paddles; but I should not think them fast, and any boat with a swivel might cut them up. The least average I could give the hundred boats is twenty five men per boat, making, as already observed, 2,500 in all. We counted ninety, and there were others down the reach we could not see; and they themselves stated their force to be 140 boats and 4000 men. The manners of these Dyaks were reserved, quiet, and independent towards us. They stole nothing, and in trading for small quantities of rice, beeswax, cotton, and their cloths, shewed a full knowledge of the relative value of the articles, or rather they priced their own at far above their proper worth. I may indeed say of all the Dyaks I have seen, that they are anxious to receive but loath to give; and when they have obtained cloth, salt, copper, beads, &c., to the amount of two or three dollars, as a present, will bring in a bunch of plantains or a little rice, and ask you to buy. The Sibnowans are the chief exceptions to this, and they are my pet tribe. The language of Sakarran and Sarebus is the same as the Sibnowan; and with all the word God, the *Allah Talla* of the Malays, is expressed by *Battara*, from which we may infer that their notion of the Deity, as probably was all the religion of these regions, was derived from the Hindoos."

A QUIZ UPON YOUNG IRELAND.

'Returned from Salisbury?' cried Moore to Mac Morris, as the latter stalked into Mr. Bompas's chambers on the third day after the dinner party in Bryanstone Square, every detail of his dress exhibiting a true Jacobinical contempt for order. 'This moment returned,' answered Mac Morris, shaking the Saxon dust from his Celtic curls. 'Seen Stonehenge?' asked Moore at random. 'I went down for that purpose.' 'Oh!—a sudden paroxysm of antiquarian curiosity!—*Curius incompitis capillis*. The pun is irresistible, seeing the disorganised state of your tresses. But Stonehenge, I believe is interesting!' 'Intensely!' 'I am happy that at length you have found something English to admire.' 'Stonehenge is not English,' said Mac Morris drily, arranging his hair as he spoke in a triangular fragment of looking glass, which had the advantage over a common mirror of possessing the property of refracting light in as high a degree as the power of reflecting it. 'Stonehenge not English!' repeated Moore. 'What do you mean?' 'It is ours!' said Mac Morris, in his coolest way of advancing the most daring propositions. 'Ours! I don't understand you—the work of Irish Druids, I suppose?' 'Not at all. Ours I mean, as the Round Towers are ours—as St. Patrick's purgatory is ours—as much as the Hill of Howth or the Rock of Cashel is ours.' Dominick looked at his Celtic friend with a twinkling eye and a gentle biting of his under lip; as men look at their companions mounting their hobbies or hippogriffs. 'Tiger-nach continued—' You know, Moore, I am fearless of ridicule: it is the test of truth.' 'From which you infer, I presume,' answered Moore, 'that the more a proposition is ridiculous, the more it should command my respectful attention! But tell me your tale of Stonehenge—I shall listen with becoming gravity.' 'There is nothing new in the tale of Stonehenge; you will find it in *Campion's Historie*, and more to detail in *Dr. Hammer's Chronicle*. Aurelius Ambrosius, king of Britain, at the head of a gang of English adventurers, stole the monument from the Curragh of Kildare, and pitched it in Salisbury Plain.' 'They were lusty robbers. What was the king of Leinster about? Why

did not the Lagenians defend their monuments?' 'The English were aided by enchantment; the expedition was advised by Merlin, the famous wizard.' 'No wonder they stole our parliament, Mac Morris, when we could not even keep our Stonehenge. The stones are enormous, are they not?' 'They are.' 'Really, Mac Morris, I should think that the less we say about the loss of Stonehenge the better for our reputation; people will not believe in magic in these days; so the story, if true, will only prove what thews and sinews King Ambrosius had, and what poltroons our countrymen were at the period of the great larceny in question—far greater than that of the church bells of Notre Dame by Gargantua the Great. You must have felt mortified and ashamed as you surveyed the huge memorials of our national pusillanimity?' 'True! I felt as I feel when I contemplate the Union.' 'Yes, but you say the Union can be repealed?' 'Ay!—and I say, too, that Stonehenge can be and shall be retaken.' 'Stonehenge retaken! What if the Saxons defend their spoil better than the Irish defended their property? Do you depend upon magic?' 'On the magic of youth and determination.' 'But you will first make your demand?' 'It shall be my first step in the Hall of Clamour.' 'And a *pas de géant* it will be; you will be considered as great a wizard as Merlin himself. How fortunate that O'Connell never thought of the Stonehenge question! He fancies that he has left no stone unturned, and he has left the biggest of all for you—the stones of Salisbury Plain.' 'If the thought had occurred to O'Connell, he would have taken it by instalments, at the rate of a stone in a century. Young Ireland repudiates the base principal.'—*The Falcon Family*.

Mr. W. Gill, son of the Member for Plymouth, recently undertook the extraordinary task of rowing a quarter of a mile—hopping quarter of a mile—walking a quarter of a mile—running a quarter of a mile—and riding a like distance: the whole within a quarter of an hour; which he performed with much ease, having 2 min. 32 sec. to spare. Large sums were sported on time upon this affair, 10 to 1 having been freely offered and as readily taken. The following was the time taken in the performance of each task:—Row, 3 min.; hop, 3 min. 38 sec.; walk, 3 min. 17 sec.; run, 1 min. 47 sec.; ride, 40 sec.—total, 12 min. 28 sec.

Miss Burdett Coutts, it is stated, recently forwarded to the Bishop of London a blank cheque with her signature attached, for his Lordship to fill up with such an amount as would include the entire cost of building a church—endowing it with £300 per annum, and for the building of a parsonage house and schools. It is said that the draft has been honoured to the amount of £30,000 for these objects. The church is to be built in Westminster.

Sir H. Hardinge, in anticipation of the worst, arranged all his worldly affairs previous to the battle of Moodkee; and, to ensure the safety of the sword given him by the Duke of Wellington, he sent it into Ferozepore.

Sir Grahame Montgomery, Bart., has assured his tenantry in Peebleshire, that, though he apprehends no injury to tenant farmers from the repeal of the Corn-laws, should any reduction take place in farm produce, he will make a reduction in their rents.

DIED.—On Monday, April 6th, William T. Gilbert, in the 54th year of his age.

WANTED.—No. 20 of Vol. VI. of the Anglo American for which 12½ cents will be given.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 91-4 a 10½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1846.

We have during the week been anxiously awaiting the arrival of the steamer, which it was understood was to leave England for Halifax and Boston on the 19th March; but the arrival of the Packet ship *Northumberland* has put us in possession of London dates to the 7th of that month, which, considering the brief space since our former advices, furnish very important although not decisive intelligence.

A motion made in the House of Commons to enquire into the action of the Poor Law Commissioners, had resulted in a majority against ministers of 22; and a proposition of Mr. W. O. Stanley for a fixed duty on corn had been voted down. There was a depression in the English funds, naturally attendant upon the news received from the United States, and on the afternoon of the 6th Consols closed at 95 1-8 for money, and even lower. It was reported that a message from the Queen, in consequence of the refusal to arbitrate, would be sent down to Parliament.

The excitement, both in England and France, consequent upon the refusal to arbitrate, on the ground that the whole of the Oregon territory belongs to the United States, had rather increased than subsided; and although nothing was said in Parliament on the subject, the most active exertions were still making to place the Army and Navy establishments on the most efficient footing; and the Navy yards were busily employed in fitting out vessels of war.

The news from India was a month later, when the main body of the army still remained in the position they occupied on the 24th of December, after the battles of the three previous days; although it is understood that the British generals intended to cross the Sutlej, which had caused some anxiety in England, where it was considered the forces under their command were inadequate to carrying the war into the enemy's country. The Sikhs were at the date of the last accounts, retreating up the Sutlej before the brigade of Sir H. Smith, and on the afternoon of the 21st January heavy firing was heard in the direction of Loodeana, a town on the main road to the Punjab. There would not in all probability, be any active operations on a general scale until February, when the season for active service commences; and in the meantime, reinforcements would be brought up from other parts of India, where the British army numbers upwards of 100,000 men; and extensive preparations are making to forward troops and military stores from England. As to any rash invasion of the Sikh territory, on the right bank of the Sutlej, our readers

need entertain very little apprehension on that score; and may confidently rely on the prudence of the Governor-General, who from his high military character and local knowledge, is best capable of forming a correct judgment as to what is the most advisable course to pursue.

It appears that a correspondence has been going on for some time between the British and American Governments, relative to a complaint on the part of the State of Maine, arising from the construction put upon the third article of the treaty of 1842; by which all timber transported down the River St. John is to be treated as British property while there, and has recently been subjected to a Provincial duty under a Colonial Act, which provides for its collection at the shipping port; consequently that cut in the British Province is placed on a decidedly better footing than that which is cut in the neighbouring State, where a dollar and a half,—we believe that is the sum,—is demanded by the government, on all timber cut on the public lands; although it is dealt with in England precisely as though it were the production of New Brunswick.

The facts are simply these.—For several years the Legislature of New Brunswick, contemplated levying the duty alluded to, at the shipping port; by which fraud would be prevented on the part of the lumberer, who generally cut more timber than his license specified; and unless detected, evaded the payment of the duty. But, as is the case with the State of Maine, it was considered as interfering with the rights of individuals, who had purchased large tracts of wilderness country, and of course had no occasion to obtain a license to cut down what was their own. The interests of the party, however, had to yield to the general benefit, and a law was passed in 1844 to take effect in the following year, levying the duty at all the shipping ports of the Province; but which does not affect American interests at places to the northward. The result of this is, that the district of territory obtained by the State of Maine is made to yield a large portion of the Provincial revenue; and which cannot be avoided while the St. John is the great thoroughfare, by which the produce of that country must reach the ocean. The only relief that can be afforded by the Government of Maine, is to relinquish the revenue derived from licenses to cut timber; and which must be evaded to a very great extent, as when that portion illegally cut reaches the St. John, it is beyond their jurisdiction. If the government studies the welfare and happiness of its citizens, however, it will not interfere to remove any obstruction or difficulty that may be thrown in the way of those who engage in the pursuit; the certain tendency of which is to retard the settlement of a country, and to demoralise all who come within its influence.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

It were a curious, but not uninteresting or profitless speculation, to trace the means by which power has been obtained by particular and favoured classes in civilized communities, within the last eight hundred or thousand years; until it became merged in a system of monopoly—or protection, as it is termed, by which wealth perpetuated that influence which its possession must always afford, even when means are not resorted to, by which it may be increased or rendered more paramount in its ascendancy.

At the beginning of the period to which we refer, the feudal system placed all power in the hands of the barons, who with the aid of their retainers and inferior lords, held possession of the land. And no other way was open to the mass of the people, by which to overturn this ascendancy, but by union among themselves. This led to the formation of communities for that purpose, and to the establishment of cities, which were walled in to protect them against the attacks of their enemies; while the well ordered institutions by which they were regulated, secure at once protection for their increasing wealth, and the advancement of that commerce, by which it was acquired.

This state of prosperity however, attracted the nobility to the cities, who usurped the offices of government—thus again introducing the feudal system in a modified form; and those joint causes operating together, gave to the cities a solidity and consolidation, which eventually every where rendered them formidable to the sovereign of the country. What a single city could not accomplish, was attained by means of powerful leagues, such as that of the Lombard cities in Italy, and those of Germany. But unfortunately these communities were not exempt from the domineering spirit of the times, to which they had originally been opposed; the overwhelming power of individuals became too great, and the citizens generally, formed themselves into corporations or guilds, which embraced distinct trades, having for their object security from internal enemies, the maintenance of order, and the advancement of that particular occupation, which the members of each respective corporation followed; until in the fourteenth century, they obtained the almost exclusive possession of cities, which the nobility had hitherto governed, ultimately pursued the same course as those bodies which preceded them; and by their exclusive and selfish policy, fettered even the liberal arts by the restraints which they imposed.

Owing to the various changes in the constitution of England however, and its revolutions and reforms, the state of society became much improved in that country; yet its aristocracy and landed interest, by means of the corn laws, have continued to maintain an influence and monopoly, most destructive to the interests and well-being of the community at large; the ramifications of which extend throughout her immense empire, lost her the dominion of the United States, and still exist in her colonies; where exclusive of the duties imposed by the local Legislatures, the produce of England still retains a protection of from seven and a half to thirty per cent.

It may appear extraordinary—but it only furnishes additional evidence of the strange inconsistency of human nature; that a Republic, which owes its

origin as a nation, to the attempt to force a monopoly injuriously upon its founders, should to a limited extent have adopted a similar principle in 1789, when it was established that duties shall have for their object the payment of the public debt, and *management and protection of manufactures*; and a duty of five per cent. was accordingly imposed, which has since been increased to a very great extent.

In 1816, immediately after the last war,—with a view to encrease those manufactures which had been recently established, and to retaliate the protective system of England, the first increase of duties took place, which was augmented in 1824; and eventually in 1827 heavy prohibitory duties were levied, particularly on clothing and woollen goods, by which the great body of the people were seriously affected; which was resisted by South Carolina in 1832, and partially by other of the Southern and Western States. The result was the Compromise Act of 1833, which provided that the duties should gradually decrease until 1842, when they were to be fixed at twenty per cent. This, in addition to the cost of freight and other expenses, would afford to the manufacturer a protection of at least 35 per cent. How far this arrangement has been adhered to, it is not our purpose to enquire; nor do we mean on the present occasion, to enter into an investigation of those arguments, by which the protective system has been assailed or defended, until at length the leading statesmen of the two greatest commercial nations of the world, have come to the conclusion that it should be abandoned, as soon as it can be effected; a proper regard being had to existing interests,—a due consideration manifested for long-cherished prejudices, and adequate respect shown to those conservative principles, which might be seriously implicated, by any sudden or inconsiderate change.

But our object in writing the present article, is to invite the attention of our readers and others, to the present posture of affairs, between Great Britain and the United States, at a period which forms as we have before stated, a most important epoch in the history of the world, and that involves consequences, from which mankind may not recover for the next hundred years. We do not here allude to war itself,—its temporary derangement of the trade and business of a country,—its victories and defeats,—its loss of life and destruction of social advancement and enjoyment; but we have in view a higher object—the lasting benefits that must result from a reciprocity and freedom of trade; the early attainment or indefinite postponement of which, now hang upon the trembling balance of peace and war; and which are embodied in a late speech by Mr. Cobden in England, when he said that he “saw in free-trade that which shall act on the moral world, as the laws of gravitation in the universe; drawing men together, thrusting aside the antagonism of race, and creed, and language, and uniting us in the bonds of eternal peace;” and who “believes that the effect will be to change the face of the world, so as to introduce a system of government entirely distinct from that which now prevails.” “I believe,” said Mr. C. “that the desire and the motive for large and mighty empires—for gigantic armies and great navies; for those materials which are used for the destruction of life and the desolation of the rewards of labour, will die away; I believe that such things will cease to be necessary or to be used, when man becomes one family, and freely exchanges the fruits of his labour with his brother man.”

These benevolent and patriotic sentiments we heartily endorse; and while we contemplate the present movement on the part of the British government and nation, and which is so pregnant with—we had almost said everlasting advantage, in a moral and political point of view, how insignificant appears the only point at present in dispute between the two countries, involving a remote territory of wilderness land, which must at no distant day become the property—and very properly—of that people, who shall introduce into it the arts and peaceful pursuits of civilized life. That a state of hostilities would be injurious to the commercial welfare of England cannot be doubted. But what would be the results to the United States, under present circumstances? Almost simultaneously with the proposed adoption of an altered commercial policy, on the part of Sir Robert Peel, the President of the United States had manifested in his first message to Congress, similar enlarged views with reference to the Tariff; and while in England the duties on the importation of wheat are to cease at the expiration of three years, Indian corn, buckwheat and rice from the passing of the Act, will probably be admitted into the British ports free of duty.

Who does not perceive, that an impetus will in this way be given to the trade of the Union, which shall exercise a salutary influence throughout its remotest sections; and that if peace continues, a sense of mutual wants and a mutual ability to meet them, will draw together in the bands of fraternal regard, friendship and good fellowship, those who are to a great extent of kindred origin, and whose interests and objects should be identically the same. It is with much gratification therefore, we perceive that the public mind seems concentrated on the 49th deg. of latitude, as the point at which the possessions of the United States in Oregon should terminate; and which we trust may be so adjusted, as to meet with the concurrence of the British government. This dispute being settled, we presume nothing will occur in any other quarter, by which the claims of humanity shall be sacrificed to purposes of ambition or gain.

CONGRESS.—Nothing of importance has occurred during the week on the all-engrossing topic of Oregon. Mr. Benton's speech on the 49th degree, seems to have set the question at rest for the present at least. On Monday Mr. Webster went into an explanation of the circumstances attending the Ashburton treaty, which he deemed necessary for his own justification, in consequence of the frequent allusions that had been made to the subject, during

debate in Congress. We should hope after this exposition that the affair may be permitted to drop; for if any dissatisfaction exists in this country, grounded upon a surrender of territory, the same cause of complaint will be found on the other side. As Mr. W. observes, Maine has never complained of the treaty, and “there are not ten intelligent men in that State, who would be willing to set the treaty aside, and put things as they were before.” The difficulties, by which the question had been surrounded, proved to Mr. W., soon after he took office, that it became necessary to make a line,—the starting point of the treaty of 1783 having been abandoned. The King of Holland, it will be remembered, was of the same opinion; and so was General Jackson, who during his administration, proposed that the line, instead of running due north from the monument, should diverge until it struck the Highlands, where one run in the former direction from the source of the St. Croix would intersect it; but which was most unaccountably declined by the British minister—we believe Lord Palmerston. The navigation of the St. John River, which has been obtained by the United States, Mr. Webster observed, is of more value to this country than that of the Columbia is to England.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE SCHOOL.—There was an exhibition of this excellent Institution at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening last, where an immense concourse of the friends of the pupils and of education, were assembled, to witness the proficiency of the children—male and female. This was highly creditable to all concerned; and the exercises of the evening were interspersed with some excellent songs, which were sung by the young people, with much taste and effect. A new system of arithmetic, which had been only introduced into the school ten days before, was put into operation; and sums, which by the ordinary method would have required much time and numerous figures to have worked, were completed with a great economy of both.

The President of the Institute was to have made some remarks on Education, but which he was prevented doing by a severe cold; and he proceeded to bestow upon the most attentive and best scholars in each class, the prizes that had been awarded them; explaining at the same time that many of those who were unsuccessful, had not been equally fortunate, owing to unavoidable absence from school;—a strict debt and credit account in this particular being kept. The Institution, it was stated, went into operation in 1835, with thirty-eight scholars; at present there are nearly three hundred; the annual expense is about \$5000. The police of the school was described as admirable; which we should judge was the case from the superior carriage and behaviour of the children; between whom and their teachers the utmost harmony and good feelings prevail.

Musical and Musical Intelligence.

LE DESERT.—We should feel ourselves indeed sadly wanting in regard to the cause of music which we have at all times so zealously, however humbly espoused, were we to pass by all notice of this composition and performance, albeit sickness has kept us away from the latter, to our very great regret. Some weeks ago we had occasion to notice this great work of Felician David, its great celebrity throughout Europe, and the care with which one of the most scientific professors in this country (Mr. Geo. Loder) was preparing it for the delectation of musical Dilettante here. We have now generally to state that it was produced here under Mr. Loder's direction at the Tabernacle last week, and notwithstanding this was the first night of its performance and in the worst of all possible places for musical sound, its effect was such that a repetition took place on Monday night. Here again the applauses were so augmented in consequence of additional orchestral strength and increased familiarity with the composition, that a third performance is resolved on, which will take place on Wednesday evening next. We trust to be able to go into the details after the next performance, as we are unwilling to do so now upon the hearing of others.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The fortunes of this theatre do not seem to have suffered by the cessation for a time of opera; on the contrary the re-appearance of Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff in the older classical English drama, and Mr. Murdoch in that of the modern school, and of Miss Mary Ann Lee in the Terpsichorean mysteries have drawn together numerous fashionable visitors to the Park. The acting of the first-mentioned artist ought, in particular, to be hailed with a welcome by every poet, scholar, and man of taste, for he is all these himself, and he enters into the very spirit of his characters as he understands them. Not that he is infallible in his conceptions of character, for—who is? But according to different temperaments there are different readings of the same expressions or sets of expressions, each of which is correct perhaps in its way. And this is the way with his Kiteley; he carries the jealous crotchet too far, yet no one can deny the *vraisemblance*, according to one phase of jealous fantasy. The play of “Every man in his humour” is too difficult for the present age, the present stock company, present audiences; though deeply humorous to the reading man, it is not intense enough for sitters, and requires a finer tone than dramatic establishments can now-a-days furnish, for the fact is—as the title indicates—that every character in the *dramatis personæ* is a “humour,” and requires fine artistic perceptions, in order to give piquancy to what otherwise wants it.

We again see Mr. Vandenhoff announced as to play “on the first night not engaged,” and we regret it, for it is very like swamping the finest actor now on the American stage.

Mr. Murdoch and Mrs. Bland have done themselves great credit in Bulwer's

play of "The Lady of Lyons." Of the lady we need only observe that her style of acting is of a very chaste and telling school, and that all her performances are marked by excellent judgment and a correct knowledge of stage business. She is decidedly a treasure to the establishment, and the manager will do well to keep her always in an advantageous point of view. There are theatrical stars of far less real magnitude than Mrs. Bland. Of Mr. Murdoch, as we remarked when he was last here, he has greatly improved since he crossed the Atlantic, and we compliment his good sense, that he has been always intent upon improving his really fine talents.

In the play of The Lady of Lyons there is good reason why managers should cherish it as a valuable stock play. It is easily cast. Provided the Claude and the Pauline can support each other—and the author has made that no very difficult task—the rest of the characters are of small account, and the piece is generally sure to go off with éclat. Independently of these remarks, however, they have been well done by the present representatives of those characters, &c.—but we will not make disparaging comparisons.

Miss Lee in the department of the dance has given very much satisfaction: she has gathered much artistical skill in the course of her European visit; and, although grace does not sit quite so easy upon her as upon the Elsler or the Augusta, on whom it seems their very nature, yet she well deserves the warm plaudits which she has obtained in the "Fleur de Champs."

BOWERY THEATRE.—The performance of such a play as that of "Julius Cæsar" at this theatre, is rather a bold attempt, and although the representatives of the three principal characters deserve great credit for their general acting, we are not certain but that they hazard something by coming forward together in parts which require nothing short of the very highest talent. In the present days of the drama, at least of the present century, it required a John Kemble for the Brutus, a Charles Kemble for the Antony, a Charles Young for the fiery Cassius, a Fawcett for the Casca, and a Mrs. Powell for the Portia, besides other substantial casting for the remaining characters; for "Julius Cæsar" is no trifle to fill up. The play should therefore be only produced under very favorable circumstances, whether we consider the fate of the piece or the fame of the artists. Nevertheless it has been very respectably done here, indeed. But "respectable" is not a word of sufficient strength, in the report of such a play in a Metropolitan theatre.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A new piece, has been brought out here, of very interesting plot as we understand, founded on some passages in the life of the Empress Catherine of Russia. The imperial heroine is represented by Miss Mary Taylor, and report speaks in highly favorable terms both of the drama itself, and of Miss Taylor's acting therein. We are obliged to speak thus imperfectly on the subject, for, in fact indisposition has prevented us thus far from pronouncing more positively concerning it,—but the piece is greatly commended by those who have spoken thereon.

GREENWICH THEATRE.—This house has made a most highly successful commencement. The managers have taken great care in the selection of professional strength, and we shall be glad to find it answer their wishes. Hereafter we shall attend to them.

Literary Notices.

VOYAGE OF A NATURALIST ROUND THE WORLD, &c.—By C. Darwin, F. R. S.—New York: Harpers.—This valuable production has been loudly applauded in Europe; it comprises the Journal of Researches and Explorations of the well-known scientific expedition got up under the patronage of the British government with the view to the extension of science. We have looked into the volumes with great interest, and would strongly recommend their perusal to our friends universally, as among the best of modern voyages extant. They form Nos. X. and XI. of Harper's excellent "New Miscellany of Standard Literature."

CHEVALIER D'HARNENTAL, OR LOVE AND CONSPIRACY.—Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas by Christin and Lies.—New York: Harpers.—This is a stirring historic fiction of the times of Louis XV.; the characters are admirably portrayed, and the scenes of Court intrigue and gallantry sketched in all the integrity of truth. It presents a vivid picture of a luxurious but profligate age.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED SHAKESPEARE.—Nos. 75 and 76.—We are happy to observe that this truly elegant edition of the "Swan of Avon" has been resumed by the Messrs. Harpers: the delay having been caused by the loss of plates at the late fire. The present issue is one of surpassing beauty in its artistic and suggestive designs.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.—Among the publications on our table, there is the above amusing little book; containing, as is stated on the title-page, "a few raps over the knuckles of the present age," by whom the greatest regard is not always paid to the sanctity of places of public worship, and reprehending the perfect indifference with which they are yielded up for secular purposes; the judicious remarks of the author having been called forth by the conversion of the Dutch Church in New York into a Post Office. The perusal of the work will assist in passing a leisure hour rather pleasantly, and is for sale at Burgess & Stringers.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

Being now nearly at the completion of the Sixth Volume of our Journal, "The Anglo American," we would ask your indulgence whilst we cast a look of retrospection upon our past labours, upon the manner in which they have been received, and upon the manifestation of public opinion with regard to them.

It is about three years since we put forth the Prospectus of our undertaking, which was quickly followed by the appearance of the Work itself. This was at a juncture considered unfavourable both by our private friends and by the Public generally. Nevertheless, having formed our determination, we carried it into execution and resolutely persevered in it; not from any arrogant assumptions of our own superiority in talent or intelligence, but in the hope that diligence, industry, economy, and perseverance, would in the end be acknowledged and in fair degree rewarded.

Without dwelling longer, at present, upon this topic, we proceed to say that we have steadily proceeded, up to the present time, carefully and anxiously endeavouring to make our Journal worthy of public support, a succession of hebdomadal publication fit for domestic reading, and, leaving the idea of present profit quite out of question, have sought to prove that The Anglo American is stable in its foundation, and faithful in its principles. We have an honest pride in asserting that, almost from the very moment of commencement, we have been in receipt of the warmest encomiums upon both the contents and the general appearance of the Journal.

There were other popular journals in existence, with large subscription lists, when we commenced our undertaking; these were upon the same terms as those which have thus far been ours; yet these, with all their popularity and extensive circulation could not yield a sustaining profit to their proprietors, and they have successively come to an end. But our great end hitherto has been A Probation, we have not looked, thus far, to pecuniary advantage; we have been desirous of shewing what we could do, and our ability to persevere. The dread of the ephemeral existence of a new Periodical,—a matter so notoriously and so lamentably frequent—is a great hindrance in the outset, and not unfrequently smothered a design which has been otherwise well concocted; hence, we venture to flatter ourselves that, at the end of our Sixth Volume, we have many a kind friend and well-wisher who, at the beginning, would have felt unwilling to contribute in support of a design, which like so very many others might be destined to an early frustration.

Our Seventh Volume will be commenced on Saturday the 25th of April ensuing; it will be printed with a new and elegant type cast expressly for the Journal; with our enlarged connexion and field of action we have called to our aid additional literary, political, and scientific talent, to furnish forth approved matter for perusal; and we shall, from time to time, as fit occasion shall require, give approved illustrations, of wood or other engravings, to accompany the articles to which they shall be deemed necessary or appropriate.

Up to this time we have presented to our annual Subscribers, *gratuitously*, and without any obligation to do so, engravings of value, well worthy of being applied to ornament the saloons of those who received them; the subjects of these engravings were—1st. A Portrait of His Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French; 2d. A Portrait of George Washington, the first President of the United States; and, 3d. A Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, as in his Study at Abbotsford. We now propose to make such presentation plates an *integral part of our plan*, imperative on our part, and we pledge ourselves that every plate shall be executed in the highest style of art that we can procure.

Our next plate will be one of more than usual merit and magnitude, and we believe, of high interest in general estimation. It is called "The Army and the Navy;" it represents the Duke of Wellington, then in the very prime of his manhood, and Lord Nelson as he was a short time before his untimely but glorious death; and it purports to be the only interview that ever took place between those distinguished men. It is in the course of execution in mezzotint by the hand of an artist who is unsurpassed in that department of engraving, and we have the most unqualified confidence that it will be esteemed by all who shall possess a copy of it.

With these explanations and arrangements we have now to intimate to our Subscribers and the Public, that it will be altogether necessary to alter our terms of Subscription to FOUR DOLLARS per annum, and we rely upon their sense of justice to sustain us in a course which, even under flattering circumstances, can yield us no more than a decent living profit. Our Journal will still be the cheapest, and, we hope we may say, one of the best that is published upon this continent, and it will be our most anxious care to improve it in every way that our own experience or the approved suggestions of friends can desire.

Our Colonial friends have hitherto been at some disadvantage with respect to postage, as compared with those in the United States, but we have taken measures to put both upon an equal footing; and, from the commencement of the forth-coming volume their copies of the Anglo American will be delivered at the lines, free of American postage.

It is our determination, as in duty bound, to keep perfect faith with our present Subscribers; they shall receive the paper up to the termination of their present subscription, *after which*, should they favour us with the continuance of their patronage, the terms will be Four Dollars per annum. But all new subscriptions after the date of the present address will be upon the terms here described.

We beg to return our sincere and grateful thanks to the friends who have so liberally promoted our enterprise to the present juncture; and, in the confidence that they will still continue their countenance and support, we respectfully conclude.

APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.—A couple of Gentlemen, or a Gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board to any specified extent, by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every attention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satisfactory references will be given and expected.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Security to the Patrons of Brandreth's Pills.

NEW LABELS.

The New Labels on a Single Box of the Genuine Brandreth's Pills, contain 5063 LETTERS!!!

DYSPEPSIA CURED.

BENNINGTON, Vt., Dec. 5, 1843.

Dear Sir,—I wish you to add my testimony to the host of others that you have, in favour of your valuable Pills. In the year 1838, I was attacked with that disagreeable complaint, the **DYSPEPSIA**, which so affected me that I could not take the least particle of food, without the most unpleasant and uncomfortable sensations in my chest, head, and bowels. My chest was so sore that I could not bear the slightest pressure without giving me pain. My health was most miserable; many physicians told me they thought I was in the Consumption, and that if I did not give up my business, and change climate, I could live but a short time.

I tried every thing in the shape of medicine, and consulted the most skillful physicians, but found no permanent relief. I became discouraged, gloomy, sad, and sick of life; and, probably, ere this, should have been in my grave, had I not felt in with your precious medicine. A friend of mine, who had been sick of the same complaint, advised me to try your Pills; but, having tried most other medicines without obtaining any relief, had but little faith that your Pills would be of benefit to me; but, at his earnest solicitation, I procured a box and commenced taking them.

The first box produced little or no effect, and I began to despond, for fear that your medicine would prove like others I have taken; but my friends argued that one was not a fair trial, and I purchased a second, and before I had taken the whole box I began to experience a change; the pain in my chest began to be less painful, and my food did not distress me as much as formerly. I went on taking them until I had taken six boxes, and my Dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished, and I felt like a "new creature." I was then, and am now, a healthy man. I have never since been troubled with the Dyspepsia. I have administered your Pills to the members of my family, and to my friends, and in all cases with good success. You can publish this if it will be of any use to you.—I am, dear sir, truly yours,

J. I. COOK, Publisher of the State Banner.

CONTAGIOUS AND EPIDEMIC DISEASES.—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no propagation of the species. The soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be no increase. The climate must have those matters in it which will unite and keep alive epidemical or contagious poisons, or they will become extinguished, as a lamp that is unsupplied with oil. So it is likewise with the human frame, it cannot be materially affected by epidemical or contagious maladies, unless there be those matters floating in the circulation which offer the appropriate soil. By purifying our bodies with the Brandreth Pills, which have affinity with those impurities upon which contagion feeds, we may always feel secure, whatever disease may rage around us. True, we may have it, but it will soon be over, our sickness will be the affair of a day or two, while those who have been too wise to use this simple and excellent remedy, either die, or have weeks, perhaps months of sickness.

HOW TO GET HEALTH.—Thousands of persons continue to cure themselves of Colds, Coughs, Headaches, Rheumatic Affections, Small Pox, Measles, Costiveness, Influenza, and the host of those indications of the body of the blood being out of order, simply by perseveringly using **BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS**, so long as any symptoms of derangement in any organ remain. Often, by adopting this course, which experience has proved according to Nature, it being merely assisting her, have many in a few days been restored to health, who, but for Brandreth's Pills had been sick for months. The value of this medicine is beyond price.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are entirely Vegetable and made on those principles which long experience has proved correct. It is now no speculation, when they are resorted to in sickness, for they are known to be the best cleansers of the stomach and bowels, and in all dyspeptic and bilious cases they are a great blessing. Let every family keep these **PILLS** in the house. If faithfully used when there is occasion for medicine, it will be very seldom that a Doctor will be required. In all cases of cold, cough, or rheumatism, the afflicted owe it to their bodies to use these Pills.

HEALTH! O BLESSED HEALTH! Thou art above all gold and treasures; 'tis thou who enlargeth the soul—and openeth all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for; and he that is so wretched as to have thee not, wants every thing beside. Let us be thankful Brandreth's Pills will give us health—get then these blessed Pills, which a century's use has fully established to be the best medicine ever bestowed on man. For the prevailing colds and coughs, they will be found everything that medicine is capable of imparting.

Remember, Druggists are not permitted to sell my Pills—if you purchase of them you will obtain a counterfeit.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 374 Bowery, and 211 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

THE SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK will be held at the CITY HOTEL, on Thursday, the 23d April. Members and their friends wishing Tickets for the dinner will please make early application to either of the Stewards, viz.:—H. Brind, 173 Pearl St., Geo. Loder, 97 Crosby St., Chas. Lowther, 402 Washington St., M. Mottram, Pearl St. 121st.

PURE BEAR'S OIL.**THE ONLY BEAUTIFIER AND PRESERVER OF THE HAIR.**

THE oldest writers on the subject of the hair have one and all alluded to the properties contained in genuine Bear's Grease, as a preservative and beautifier of "Nature's covering for the head"—Hippocrates, the most ancient medical writer upon this subject, says in his "Treatise on the Parts of the Human Body," "that the fat of the Ursus (Bear) is very nutritive in staining and preserving the roots of the hair of adults, when premature baldness occurs. The inner membranes of the flesh of the bear nearest the skin, are covered with a shining fat which forms the source from whence spring and originate the roots of the hair that covers them so profusely. This is a law of nature, and it follows that: the oil produced from the fat of this animal, is very useful to the human race, in leading to the recovery of the hair when prematurely lost."

Surely no greater proof can be adduced as to the value of genuine Bear's Oil for the hair. For years, the pure article has been considered by the most eminent physicians the best remedy for dandruff, falling off or weakness of the hair, and all complaints connected therewith. Great care should be taken in all cases as to the genuineness and purity of the oil. The real article carefully purified and highly perfumed, for sale by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, 100 Fulton Street, corner William, and 77 East Broadway, and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 50 cents for large, and 25 cents for small bottles. 1628-1f

PATENT LAP-WELDED**IRON BOILER FLUES,**

14½ FEET LONG, AND 1½ INCHES TO 4 INCHES DIAMETER.

THOMAS PROSSER, Patentee,

No. 6 Liberty Street, N. York.

[167-2m*

WANTED.—An active business man, who is a good Salesman, as a Partner in a profitable manufacturing business—Capital from \$1000 to \$3000. This is a good opportunity for an enterprising young man. Most satisfactory references will be given and required. Apply by letter to A. B. at the Office of the "Spirit of the Times."

CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS.**THE GREAT CURE.**

NO pain is comparable to that of the Tooth-ache. All the body may be in health; but this trivial thing, comparatively speaking, excites in a little while the whole frame to anguish. The great question then arises how to relieve it, and in as speedy a manner as possible. The comfort that should be sought for is the **CLOVE ANODYNE TOOTH-ACHE DROPS**, a remedy that, while it removes the pain, preserves the teeth, and thus blesses as well as benefits. These drops have been extensively used, and thousands will bear grateful testimony to their value as a speedy and permanent cure for the tooth-ache. Those subject to this horrible pain, should remember that the **CLOVE ANODYNE** will certainly cure it in one minute, when applied to the affected nerve.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Chemists, 273 Broadway, cor. Chambers Street, and sold also at 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway, and sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents. 1628.

FIRST PREMIUM DAGUERRIAN MINIATURE GALLERY,

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

AT this Gallery Miniatures are taken which, for beauty of colour, tone, and effect, can at all times recommend themselves; and which are at least equal to any that have been heretofore executed. M. B. BRADY respectfully invites the attention of the citizens of New York, and of strangers visiting the City, to the very fine specimens of **DAGUERRETYPE LIKENESSES** on exhibition at his Establishment; believing that they will meet the approbation of the intelligent Public. Mr. Brady has recently made considerable improvement in his mode of taking Miniatures, particularly with regard to their durability and colouring, which he thinks cannot be surpassed, and which in all cases are warranted to give satisfaction. The colouring department is in the hands of a competent and practical person, and in which Mr. B. begs to claim superiority.

The American Institute awarded a First Premium, at the late Fair, to M. B. BRADY for the most EFFECTIVE Miniatures exhibited.

* Instructions carefully given in the Art.—Plates, Cases, Apparatus, &c., supplied. M. B. BRADY. 167.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,

Imported and For Sale, Wholesale and Retail,

BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the inestimable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.
3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA OF THE "SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is ready.—Complete and bound in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Fb21-4f.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM.**FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES.**

THIS Balsam is a prescription of one of the most celebrated Oculists—has been a long time in use, and is confidently recommended to the public as the best and most successful Salve ever used for inflammatory diseases of the Eye. In cases where the eyelids are inflamed, or the ball of the Eye thickly covered with blood, it acts almost like magic, and removes all appearance of disease after two or three applications.

In dimness of sight caused by fixed attention to minute objects, or by long exposure to a strong light, and in the weakness or partial loss of sight from sickness or old age, it is a sure restorer, and should be used by all who find their eye-sight failing without any apparent disease. This Balsam has restored sight in many instances where almost total blindness, caused by excessive inflammation has existed for eight years. Inflammation, and soreness caused by blows, contusions, or wounds on the Eye, or by extraneous bodies of an irritating nature introduced under the eyelids, is very soon removed by the application of the Balsam. One trial will convince the most incredulous of its astonishing efficacy. Put up in jars with full directions for use. Price 25 cents.

Prepared and Sold by A. B. SANDS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists, 273 Broadway, corner Chambers Street, (Granite Building), and 100 Fulton, cor. William Street, and 77 East Broadway. And sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. 1628-1f.

STATE CONVENTION.

STATE OF NEW YORK, &c.

WE, the Secretary of State, the Comptroller and the Treasurer of the said State, having formed a Board of State Canvassers, and having in conformity to the provisions of the act entitled "An act recommending a Convention of the People of the State," passed May 13, 1843, canvassed and estimated the whole number of votes or ballots given for and against the said proposed "Convention" at a Central Election held in the said State on the fourth day of November, in the year 1843, according to the certified statements of the said votes or ballots received by the Secretary of State, in the manner directed by the said act, do hereby determine, declare and certify, that the whole number of votes or ballots given under and by virtue of the said act was two hundred and forty-seven thousand, one hundred and seventeen; that of the said number, two hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred and fifty-seven votes or ballots were given for the said Convention:—That of the said first mentioned number, thirty-three thousand, eight hundred and sixty votes or ballots were given against the said Convention:—And it appearing by the said canvass that a majority of the votes or ballots given as aforesaid are for a Convention, the said canvassers do farther Certify, and Declare that a Convention of the people of the said State will be called accordingly and that an election for Delegates to the said Convention will be held on the last Tuesday day of April, in the year 1846, to meet in Convention at the Capitol, in the City of Albany, on the first Monday in June, 1846, pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act of the Legislature.

Given under our hands at the Secretary of States' Office, in the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State,
A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller,
BENJAMIN ENOS, Treasurer.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

I certify the preceding to be a true copy of an original certificate of the Board of State Canvassers, on file in this office.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Albany, the twenty-sixth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-five.

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, January 28th, 1846.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the provisions of the act entitled, "An act recommending a Convention of the People of this State, passed May 13, 1843," an election will be held on the last Tuesday of April next, in the several cities and counties of this State, to choose Delegates to the Convention to be held pursuant to the provisions of the aforesaid act and certificate above recited.

The number of Delegates to be chosen in the county of New York will be the same as the number of Members of Assembly from the said county. Respectfully yours,

N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, February 7, 1846.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for.

WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. VI., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st, page 140. [1631]

G. B. CLARKE,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " Bik Cass Pants (Doeskin).....	8.00 to 8.50
" " Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50
PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.	
Dress Coats.....	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

[A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

[Mr8-1f.]

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,
SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.
ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of those Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W & J T. TAPSCOTT,

Agency in Liverpool—
My10-1f.]

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 95 Waterloo Road.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal, four Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for wanted to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufacturer.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr29.

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount, for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London—and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

My10-1f.

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

JOHN HERDMAN & CO'S OLD ESTABLISHED UNITED STATES GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND EMIGRANT OFFICE,
61 South Street, New York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

PASSAGE to and from Great Britain and Ireland by the regular Liverpool packet ships, sailing every five days. The subscribers in calling the attention of old countrymen and the public generally, to their unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons here by their friends, beg to state, that after this year the business of the house at Liverpool will be conducted by its branch, under the name of Herdman, Keenan & Co. Those sending for their friends through this establishment, will at once see the great importance of having a branch of the house in Liverpool, as it will preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant. The ships employed in this Line are well known to be of the first and largest class, and very fast sailers, commanded by kind and experienced men; and as they sail every five days from Liverpool, offers every facility that can be furnished. With such superior arrangements, the subscribers look forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to them for so many years past, and in case of any of them engaged do not embark, the passage money will be refunded as customary.

The steamboat passage from the various ports to Liverpool, can also be secured, if required.

Drafts and Bills of Exchange.—Those remitting money to their friends may rely it will be done satisfactorily by their remitting the amount they wish sent, at the rate of \$5 per pound sterling, with the name and address of the person for whom it is intended. A draft will then be forwarded per first packet, ship, or steamer, and a receipt for same returned by mail. Drafts are made payable at the following Banking Institutions on demand, without any charge, viz:—

In England, Messrs. James Bult, Son & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; National Provincial Bank of England and Branches throughout England and Wales. Yorkshire District Bank and Branches, Birmingham Banking Company, Lancaster Banking Company.

In Ireland—National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank of Ireland, and their branches in all the principal towns throughout the country.

In Scotland, Greenock Banking Company; in Glasgow and Greenock, Eastern Bank of Scotland and Branches.

For further particulars, apply, if by letter, post-paid, to

JOHN HERDMAN & CO., 61 South-st., N. York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

N.B.—First class ships are despatched from New York to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, during the fall of each year, by which freight and passengers are taken at the lowest rates. We will also be prepared to forward passengers and their baggage, on arrival from Europe, to all parts of the interior, by the different canal and railroad routes, at the lowest rates.

Nov. 8-1f.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situated in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest Wines and Liquors. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

—Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My1-1f.

BELL & INGLIS

LIFE INSURANCE.

CAPITAL \$2,500,000.

THE insured entitled to participation of profits on both European and American policies.

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The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

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The following are among the advantages held out by this institution, which are of great importance to the assured, and such as are seldom offered by Life Insurance Companies, viz:—

The peculiar advantage secured to the assured by the principles of the Loan Department, thus blending the utility of a Savings Bank with Life Insurance!

A large sum to be permanently invested in the United States in the names of three of the Local Directors, (as Trustees)—available always to the assured as a Guarantee Fund.

The payment of premiums, annually, half-yearly, quarterly, or monthly.

No charge for stamp duty.

Thirty days allowed after each payment of premium becomes due, without forfeiture of policy.

Travelling leave extensive and liberal; and extra premiums on the most moderate scale.

Conditions in the policy less onerous to the assured than usual in cases of Life Assurance. (See pamphlet.)

The actual and declared profits (published in successive Reports) affording sure data for calculations of the value of the "bonus" in this institution. These profits will at each division be PAID IN CASH if desired.

Being unconnected with Marine or Fire Insurance.

The rates "for life with profits" are lower than those of any other foreign COMPANY EFFECTING LIFE INSURANCE IN NEW YORK.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan Department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

A Medical Examiner is in attendance at the office daily, at 12 o'clock noon, and 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sept. 13-1y.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,
CANADA, &c., FOR 1845.

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,
South Street, corner Maiden Lane.

FALO in 36 hours. CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTON, &c., CANADA, in 5½ to 3 days.

THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid,

My10-1f.

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., corner Maiden Lane.

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS,
MINIATURE PAINTER.

THOMAS CUMMINGS, JR.,
ARTIST AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Rooms No. 50 Walker Street.

[dec. 6-1y.]

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices.

Ap. 20 1f.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT, Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My24-1y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.
June 8.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster, 26 Sept.	SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster, 11th Nov.
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th Oct.	GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 11th Dec.
ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th Nov.	ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 11th Jan.
SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 26th Dec.	SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 11th Feb.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12½ cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Mr. Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
WATERLOO.	W. H. Allen.	Nov. 11, Mar. 11, July 11	Dec. 26, Apr. 26, Aug. 26
JOHN R. SKIDDY.	Wm. Skiddy.	Dec. 11, April 11, Aug. 11	Jan. 26, May 26, Sept. 26
STEPHEN WHITNEY.	Thompson.	Jan. 11, May 11, Sept. 11	Feb. 26, Jun. 26, Oct. 26
VERMONT.	C. A. Heirn.	Feb. 11, June 11, Oct. 11	Mar. 26, Jul. 26, Nov. 26

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South-street. My24-1f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton.	H. Huttleston.	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21
Patrick Henry.	J. C. Delano.	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21
Independence.	F. P. Allen.	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21
Henry Clay.	Ezra Nye.	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21

These ships are of a very superior character, are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

My31-1f.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.
THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James.	F. R. Meyers.	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland.	R. H. Griswold.	10, 10, 10	10 March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator.	R. L. Bunting.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator.	J. M. Chadwick.	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	1, 20, 20, 20
Switzerland.	E. Knight.	10, 10, 10	10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec.	F. B. Hebard.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria.	E. E. Morgan.	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	1, 20, 20, 20
Wellington.	D. Chadwick.	10, 10, 10	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson.	G. Moore.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert.	W. S. Sehor.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	1, 20, 20, 20
Toronto.	E. G. Tinker.	10, 10, 10	10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster.	Hovey.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

The Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Oxford.	S. Yeaton.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
Cambridge.	W. C. Barstow.	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber.	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Fidela, (new)	W. G. Hackstaff.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe.	E. G. Furber.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York.	Thos. B. Cropper.	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbia, (new)	J. Rathbone.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey.	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 28 Burling-slip, N.Y.

BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

This medicine has in many thousand instances brought health and returning vigor to the weak and languid frame. Its operation extends itself to the remotest transactions of the general system, and consists in removing diseased action in the absorbing and secreting vessels.

The blood contains the elements of the whole animal structure—flesh and bone, glands, muscles, tendons, the nails, the hair, and even the bones themselves, are all sustained by the blood. Well, then, may it be called the stream of life. In proportion to the purity of fluid will be that of the substance into which it is continually changing. Corrupt blood instead of producing healthy flesh, is likely enough to develop sores and ulcers. When these appear, whether in the specific form of Scrofula, in all its multifarious and disgusting shapes, or eruptions in all their disgusting variety, rheumatism, bilious disorders, general relaxation and debility, and a host of complaints arising from disordered secretions, there is no detergent, it is believed, that will so rapidly neutralize the virus in the blood from which they spring and effect a radical cure as this preparation.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. William Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.
Messrs. Sands:—I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of Scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,
REV. WM. GALUSHA.

New-York, April 22, 1845.

Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands:—Gentlemen: Feeling it a duty due to you and to the community at large, I send you this certificate of the all-healing virtues of your Sarsaparilla, that others who are now suffering may have their confidence established and use your medicine without delay.

I was troubled with a severe ulcer on my ankle, which extended half way up to the knee, discharging very offensive matter, itching, burning, and depriving me often of my rest at night, and very painful to bear.

I was recommended to use your Sarsaparilla by Mr. James McConnell, who had been cured by it, and after using five bottles I was completely cured.

I have delayed sending you this certificate for one year since the cure was effected in order to ascertain with certainty whether it was a permanent cure, and it now gives me the greatest pleasure to add that I have neither seen nor felt the slightest re-appearance of it, and that I am entirely well.—Yours very truly,
SARAH M'INTYRE, 340 Delancy-st., N. York.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis. Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birke, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of disease to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J119-1f.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Touzey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N. Y.

November 4th, 1844.
Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen:—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. J. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Bellamy, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.
(Signed) S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents:—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much.
Yours respectfully,
WM. H. HACKETT
Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.
Sir:—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it duty I owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried every remedy after medical, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia.—Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,
Yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 10 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.
ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen:—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and smothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance. Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.
JOSEPH BARBOUR.
Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. [Mr 15-1f]

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES, BY
G. J. T. WILLISTON, Dealer in Watches, No. 1 Courtland Street, Up-stairs, cor. Broadway.—All Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Arrangements have been made with Mr. Wm. A. Gamble, whose reputation as watch repairer is unsurpassed, having been engaged for nine years in the most celebrated manufactories in Europe, enables him to repair the most complicated work that can be produced.
T. J. WILLISTON,
Nov. 8-1y. No. 1 Courtland Street, Up Stairs.

ALEXANDER WATSON, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds, Attorney and
Counsellor at Law, Office No. 77 Nassau Street—House No. 426 Broome Street.—Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City, without any extra charge. [My24-1y]